



ONCE AROUND THE WORLD



JOHN M. HAMILTON





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ONCE AROUND THE WORLD



“The children have kept hollerin’ for me to come”

ONCE AROUND THE WORLD

BY
JOHN McLEAN HAMILTON

"All ends of earth remember shall
and turn to God the Lord."

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DEDICATION

TO MISS SUSIE A. YOUNG,
WHO GAVE HER LIFE UNTO DEATH
IN OUR INDIA MISSION.

TO MY SON,
A MISSIONARY-TEACHER IN EGYPT.

TO MY DAUGHTER,
A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

AND TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS
WHO SHALL RISE UP AND GO OUT
TO OUR MISSION FIELDS.

A SHORT LETTER.

To My Readers—Greeting:

Come, let us take a walk around the world. If some chosen friends can go with me the enjoyment will be doubled. If wife or son or daughter could go with me the pleasures would be multiplied.

We shall have some seas to cross and some mountains to climb. We shall see some wilderness and some cities. We shall see some harvest-fields and some mission-fields. We shall meet a few friends and see a few million strangers.

Let us ask for a deputation of angels to guard us and cheer us all the way. Let us ask that He walk with us who with His word stilled the storm on the Galilee.

Your friend,

J. M. HAMILTON.

Monmouth, Ill., January 29, 1910.

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FROM MONMOUTH TO THE SEA

I

From Monmouth to the Sea

“When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and *when* thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.”

“Monmouth to Monmouth,” the ticket reads, but the world’s circuit lies between the words.

A trip around the world leads further away for twelve thousand miles, yet I count that each step in all the circuit brings me nearer home.

I have read somewhere that the world is round and I want to see if it is. I have heard somewhere that the earth’s surface is one-fourth land and three-fourths water and I want to see if it is. I want to see the oceans which separate the continents and some things

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on the other side, some high mountains, some great cities and some strange people. I want to see the summer land of Hawaii and the Sunrise Kingdom, and talk to the Celestials and walk a bit along India's Coral Strand. I want to climb the pyramids and sail on the Nile. I want to see the City of Jerusalem and the Sea of Galilee. I want to see that city on the Tiber and those forests along the Rhine. I want to see the land from which my fathers came, dear old Ireland, and the land from which my first-love flock came, dear old Scotland.

Most of all I want to visit the mission-fields, for the kingdom of Christ is greater than the whole earth. I do not know when I first heard of missions. I was just about old enough to hear when our foreign missions were started. As I lay in my cradle I heard my father and mother tell the story of the founding of our foreign missions. Babies know more about the Kingdom of Heaven than we give them credit for.

Ever since my childhood teacher, Miss

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Sadie McKown, read to me letters from her missionary sister, Miss Martha McKown, of Cairo, Egypt, I have wanted to visit our mission fields. And now that I have son and daughter in Egypt and India to welcome me—I must start. Not long ago I had an hour's ride with a fine old saint, eighty-four years old, who was traveling alone from Ohio to California, and he said, "I just have to go, for the children out there have kept hollering for me to come."

Saturday, January 29, I left my Monmouth home, and spent Sabbath at Albia, Iowa, preaching at Service, where I was licensed thirty-two years ago. A good congregation, praying for a pastor to come. Monday evening I was in Fort Morgan, Colorado, with Judge R. J. Graham, my college classmate and chum, and had a delightful time with him and his fine family. Our new church there is beautiful without and within, and Pastor Pollock and his people are busy doing good. Mr. Donald Reid stepped in to send tidings to his daughter, Elizabeth, in Egypt. I saw the

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cheerful face of Rev. J. P. Gibson one minute. I could not see Rev. J. H. White, for he was out in the field and his field covers the states of Colorado and Nebraska. The Denver people, about sixty thousand of them, were out in the park watching a flying machine that could not fly, much. The Colorado farmers were plowing.

By the Santa Fe I expected to miss most of the mountains, but saw a thousand miles of them. The mountains with their infinity of forms and colorings are interesting evermore. They are grander than all that has been written of them and more beautiful than any picture ever made of them. They speak of God's majesty and power and patience. The continental stretches of dead lands in New Mexico and Arizona burden us. There is a sense of loneliness and loss in their immensity. There is pathos in their fruitlessness. Can these stones be made bread? It looks like the new earth will have to come before these deserts bloom. In your little garden you can raise more good things in one summer than

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have grown on a million of these acres in the last thousand years. Yet, I believe that in a time soon to come, by irrigation and adapting desert conditions, these waste lands will feed multitudes.

Travel is swifter now than three score years ago, when some of my kindred drove ox teams from Ohio to California. Then it was a year of hard travel and privation; now it is a "joy ride" of a few days and hours.

Pleasant people on the trains, now; clean, courteous and companionable. In twenty-nine hundred miles I saw but two whiskey bottles and heard but two blasphemers. The bottles and blasphemers belonged to each other. In our coach were half a dozen little children and two babies who added to the cheerful life. After a thousand miles of desert it is like passing from death to life to drop into the valley at San Bernardino with its gardens and vineyards and orchards in full bloom and fruitage. The cities of the coast are a revelation in their great commercial interests, but more in their fruits and flowers, a vast

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blooming conservatory fifty miles wide and hundreds of miles long. The finest things in the great gardens and conservatories of the East can be duplicated in the common suburbs of these cities.

Los Angeles and its environs with trees yielding their fruits every month and ever-blooming flowers might do for an earthy vestibule to Paradise, but if Heaven indeed lay just beyond I would keep on walking fast.

Some very fine residences here on the coast, built by merchant princes, mining magnates, railroad kings, pork packers, brewers and patent medicine men. Some years ago in a small town in Nebraska I met a young barber. He was called Pat. While Pat cut off hair he mused on how to make it grown on again. He concocted a hair grower. He quit barbering to sell it and broke up. Then he went to Chicago and barbered some, but spent most of his time handing out announcements of his hair grower. It began to sell and in ten years Pat had \$2,000,000. He and his wife live in a royal palace here. They are not fond of human

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society, but have a fine collection of monkeys. Pat, the millionaire hair grower, himself, is bald headed!

Had five days in Los Angeles with kindred and friends. Spent Sabbath with Dr. J. F. Ross at Harvard Heights and preached not to strangers, but to friends, some from my own, dear Amity, and some from Reinbeck, Waterloo, Tarkio and Lincoln. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McCornack, of Des Moines, helpers in every good work, were there for the day. I heard good reports from our four churches in Los Angeles. Had a day's ride in the San Joaquin Valley with Mr. James Porter, of Reinbeck, Iowa, in his car "Elsie." He is opening up a little paradise here. They are turning the water on in these great valleys and this state will soon double its fruitfulness.

Had five days in San Francisco. The city is greater and grander than ever. Spent the Sabbath in Dr. H. H. Bell's home and church. Found thirty-one young men in the pastor's teacher training class. At a recent communion among others a disciple band of twelve

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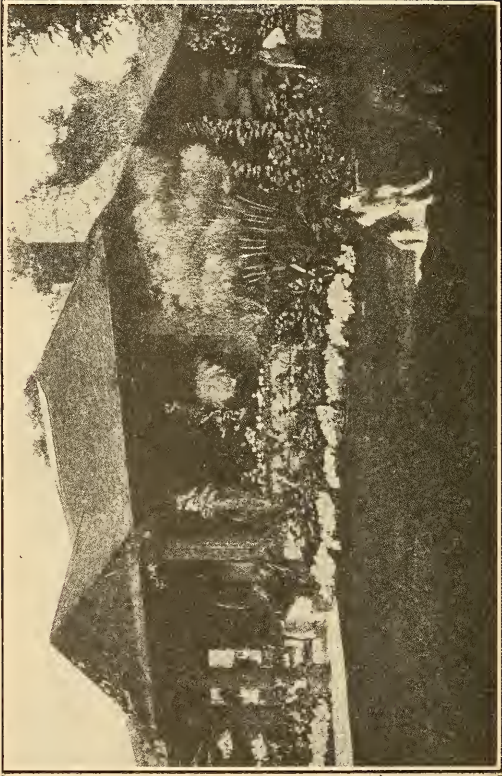
young men united. Dr. Bell and his family are in lively touch with the people, old and young. There are hosts of earnest Christian workers and hope for the Kingdom in the Golden City.

One day I enjoyed a picnic dinner in the University campus at Berkeley, one of the pretty places of earth.

This afternoon I sail for Yokohoma on the Chiyo Maru. As I am a pilgrim preacher, my beloved flocks are not here to wave me a tearful farewell.

San Francisco, February 15, 1910.

SAN FRANCISCO TO HONOLULU



A log-cabin in Los Angeles

II

San Francisco to Honolulu

“Sunset skies,
in sunset lands,
by sunset seas.”

—Bret Harte.

San Francisco, rebuilt more gloriously, is smiling and singing and sinning as if it had never heard of earthquake and fire. New San Francisco is not like the old in its beginning, huts and shanties built of logs and boards, but solid, magnificent, towering palaces, built of concrete, steel, granite and marble; graceful, finished, enduring. In less time than wise men said it would take to remove the rubbish, the four thousand acres of ashes are covered closely with a modern city. It has one hun-

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dred and fifty new hotels, with accommodations for thirty-five thousand people, and a large number of these cost from one million dollars to eight million dollars each.

What we read in the daily headlines of this city's craft and graft does not tell the full story of its life. Most of its half million people are peaceable and kind. Most of its merchants are honest. Most of its husbands and wives are faithful and loving. Most of its young people are doing well in school and work. Most of its preachers are declaring God's mercy in Christ. The Lord God is watching over the city, weeping over its sins and rejoicing over its holy victories.

There are many beauty spots about the city: Golden Gate Park, the University parks, Muir Woods, Mt. Tamalpais, and further away Lake Tahoe.

Distances in California are surprising. San Francisco and Los Angeles do not face up to each other, as Pittsburgh and Allegheny used to, as some suppose, but are as far apart as Pittsburgh and Chicago. Before leaving the

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New World I found some places I supposed were in the old: London, Paris, Berlin, Naples, Cairo, Smyrna, Hebron, Zion, Bethlehem and Bagdad.

We sailed from San Francisco, February 15, on the fine new Japanese steamer, "The Chiyo Maru." Maybe two or three of my readers do not know any more about a ship than I did a month ago; so I will write that this ship is 550 feet long, 63 wide, 21,000 tons displacement, triple screw, liquid fuel, wireless telegraphy, 1,100 passengers, sometimes. It has fine large staterooms and berths are longer than the longest man on board, and the two men in this room are, both, twelve feet and eight inches tall. We have a dining room as long as the month of May and a menu card as long as a French lesson. The passengers represent many nationalities and callings. Indeed, I learned in the Episcopal service that we have on board "all sorts and conditions of men." The ship starts off steadily and with an assurance that it knows where it is going.

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Most of us have had dominion over the sea. I have not seen any one paying tribute to it. Some absented themselves from meals and reported that they had been out of town.

We have a little daily, "The Wireless Dispatch," with cheerful news from the homeland about prize-fights, strikes, food stored seven years by the packers and vessels lost at sea.

Our first Sabbath at sea was serenely pleasant. A good company gathered for worship. I was glad to hear a throng singing, "Jesus, my Prophet, Priest and King." "The beautiful English service," with its good Bible verses, repetition prayers, cigarette preacher and sermonette apology, missed an opportunity.

We had a pleasant stop at Honolulu. We learned the meaning of that word which is said to be written over every Hawaiian door, Aloha! The whitecaps came dancing out on the waves to welcome us. The mountains above the city rose up to greet us. Some of the natives swam out to meet us. The native Hawaiian is dark brown when washed and his

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hair is black and straight when wet. We all know the Hawaiian islands are away out in the Pacific ocean toward China, but maybe not every one of us can recite promptly the name of the chief islands: Hawaii, Maui, Lanai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, and Kahoolawe. I cannot, but I can write them from the map.

On the world map there is a small dot named Hawaii and on that dot a smaller dot named Honolulu. So, many count that Honolulu is on the island of Hawaii, while it is on Oahu and Hawaii is 200 miles away. On the map of the island Oahu does not look any bigger than the Reinbeck park, but it is as big as a part of the state of Texas.

It is fine to be back on the earth again.

Honolulu, February 21, 1910.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN
HONOLULU





Celebrating Washington's birthday in Honolulu

III

Washington's Birthday in Honolulu

“This widespread republic is Washington's true memorial. As long as human hearts pant and human tongues plead for liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory and those tongues prolong the fame of Washington.”—Winthrop.

February 22, 1910, the “Chiyo Maru” westward bound, waited one day in Honolulu to give its one thousand passengers an opportunity to celebrate the birthday of the father of our common country with our people of the ocean city, and this little twelve-year old member of our republic threw more enthusiasm into the celebration of Washington's birthday than I have ever seen in the homeland. The Hawaiians have the holiday spirit in their make-up and respond readily to the call for a

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celebration. Their exercises had more of the spirit and splendor of our old-time celebrations of the Fourth of July. Proper preparations had been made the day and evening before with exercises and addresses on the life of Washington in the schools and colleges. A neat souvenir had been scattered through the city with a calendar-summary of the life and work of Washington.

On the day of celebration the whole city seemed to wake up early. When a child I could get up early on Christmas and the Fourth of July. By sunrise the city was decorated with banners and flowers. From capitol and churches and schools and ships and stores and homes and vehicles and horses floated out the stars and stripes. At an early hour George Washington himself looked out lovingly from windows and porches upon the later children of his adoption.

By nine o'clock the streets were crowded with men, women and children, and the rest of the people were watching from the house-tops. It was a representative company, Amer-

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icans, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and a coloring of native Hawaiians. A well-dressed throng, too, clad in white raiment or gayer colors, with such a profusion of flowers, in bouquets, wreaths and garlands.

At ten o'clock, led by five bands of music, came the great procession, a floral parade and general exposition, decorated autos, auto floats, horse-drawn floats, soldiers, marines and princesses from each island, as in the old-time pageant. International floats were shown by the German, British, Japanese and Chinese colonies, and by the American officials. The school and college section was interesting; the schools and colleges of the city with proper representation and graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Punahou in line. The procession of the princesses was pretty, inter-island representatives in queenly array on beautiful horses, attended by a youthful retinue of outriders. In the afternoon were sports and in the evening appropriate fireworks from a great home-made volcano. Good order and pleasant behavior marked the day.

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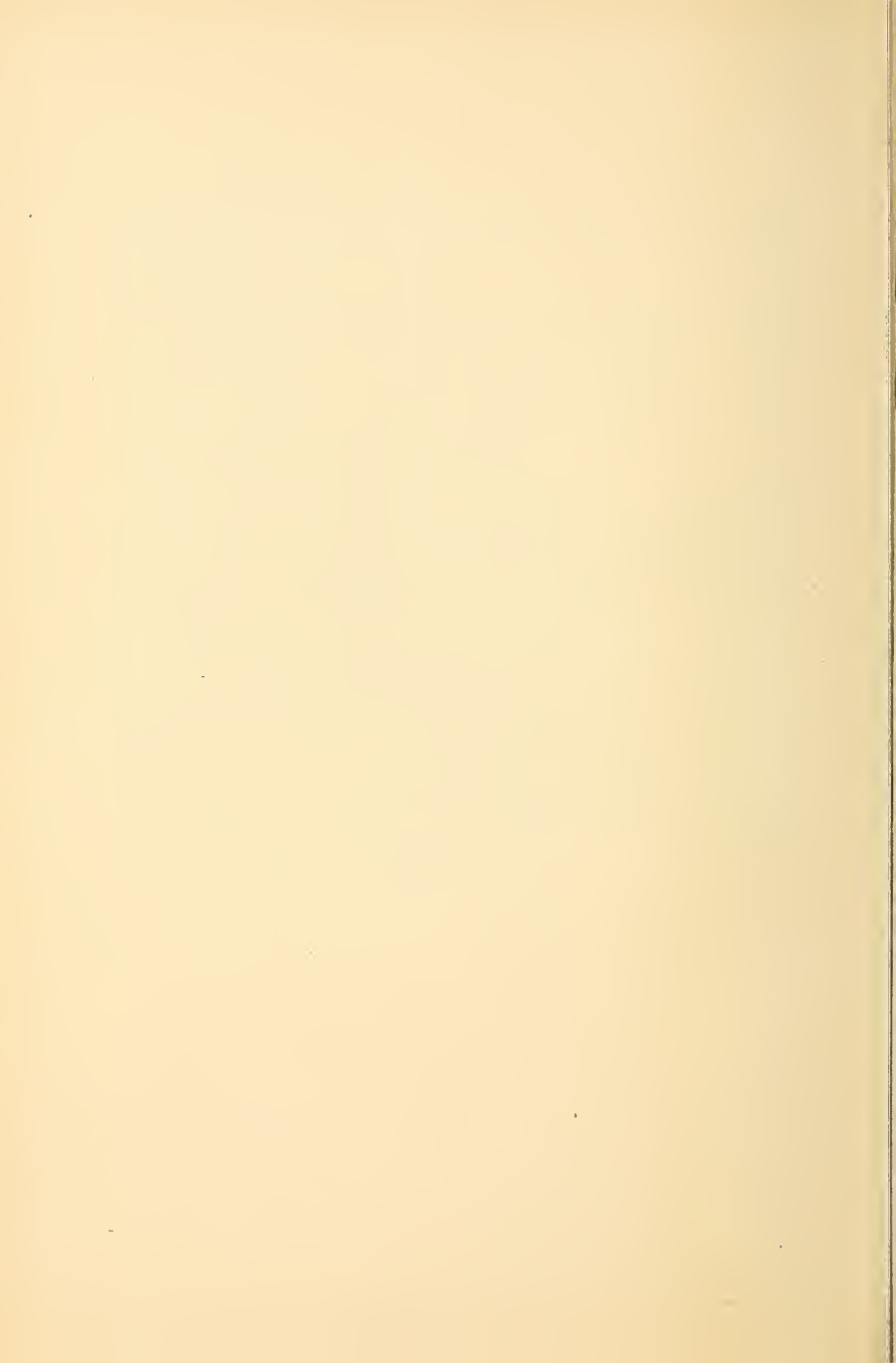
It was a day of delight for the multitudes of children.

I took a walk in the country and saw rice fields and cane fields. I took a ride in the city and saw the capitol, churches, schools, colleges, parks and an aquarium of fishes as vari-colored as the flowers.

Honolulu has fine educational opportunities in its schools, colleges, universities and abundant libraries. Think of a library in the "Sandwich Islands" with 10,000 volumes! Missions in these islands have been an example. Intemperance has slain its thousands, but the temperance forces promise prohibition at an early day. With their new political and gospel privileges, these islands, which have had such a sad and tragic history, ought to enter upon a brighter day.

Honolulu, February 22, 1910.

HONOLULU TO YOKOHAMA





A Hawaiian school girl

IV

Honolulu to Yokohama

“It’s sunshine there and moonshine there,
And starshine all the time,
And it’s never cold and none get old
In its lovely summer clime.”

HAWAII

No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through more than half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.—Mark Twain.

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The Hawaiians have a pleasant country, and want the pretty words of earth and some of heaven to describe it. They call it the "Paradise of the Pacific," and "Sweet Fields of Eden." They say they are "Under the Turquoise Sky" and that "In Hawaii every day is a June Day." But, these volcano-blasted mountainsides do not look much like the sweet fields of Eden. They say that in all these islands there is not a poisonous plant or deadly reptile or dangerous animal. Indeed it is the only place in all our possessions where there is nothing to hurt or destroy; and it isn't, for the adder that stingeth, and the serpent that biteth and the lion that devoureth are there.

But these islands have an easy climate and many pretty places, and grains and fruits grow abundantly. The island of Oahu, on which Honolulu sits, is about the size and shape of an average county in Ohio and one can see a large part of it from the harbor. It does not look like the mountains left room for much else. But there is room for this great city of Honolulu stretching for nine miles along the

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beach and reaching back upon the mountains, and room for some villages and plains and rivers and lakes, and forests and pastures and great sugar and rice plantations and orchards and gardens, and 90,000 people, half of whom live in Honolulu and the other half on the plantations, but at some seasons they nearly all swarm into the city.

But the prospects of the native Hawaiians are not bright. They are but a remnant, many less than 100 years ago. The Japanese almost outnumber the natives; then in order come Chinese, Portuguese and Americans. The native race is passing; easy children of nature, lovers of play and rest. They are dying through indolence and intemperance, and losing their identity in intermarriages.

As we neared Japan the wind rose and the sea raged. Our trim ship waltzed merrily on through billows high as young mountains and never at any time seemed to lose its presence of mind. But it made some complex motions. I think I discovered the Fourth Dimension, but I can't explain it. Some of us lost our ap-

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petites and couldn't find any that we could use. "Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat," especially if it has been stored seven years. Joseph stored grain seven years, but I do not think he tried it with spring chicken and eggs.

In a storm at sea the dinner-gong sounds like a judgment-knell and the menu card becomes a tantalus. One wearies with this everlasting swing and tremor and longs to take a walk out into the quiet of the old garden at home, or to lie down on a quiet bed. The sea "cannot rest."

But, withal, the voyage has been pleasant and we have been safe and happy in the care of Him who walked on the sea.

Now we are nearing the Old World. This morning we saw the sun rise on the Sunrise Kingdom.

Japan is the eastern fringe of Asia. It is made up of five small islands and three thousand smaller ones. Its extremities extend into many latitudes and longitudes. Its east and west line is about as long as ours from Charles-

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ton to Los Angeles, and its north and south line is a thousand miles longer than from Duluth to New Orleans. But it is not as big as our country. It is only a little bigger than the British isles and a little smaller than half our State of Texas. It has a summer land where roses bloom all winter, and a winter land, where snows blow all summer.

Japan is a mass of mountains with only one-eighth of the surface in cultivation. On a spot less than one-third of the state of Iowa it raises food for its fifty millions of people. With as careful culture Iowa could feed our nation. All forenoon we have seen the snows glistening on Mount Fuji. We are ready to land at Yokohama. Some of my friends told me I would find cherry-blossoms here, but there are snowflakes in the air.

Yokohama, Japan, March 5, 1910.



GLIMPSES OF JAPAN



Young women of Japan.

V

Glimpses of Japan

A tourist's story may not be as correct as a book by one who has studied the problems of the land. But many of our people think new missionaries give the best addresses, for they tell of the first fresh things and give pictures rather than studies. George Ade's "In Pastures New" are as true to life as "Baedeker's Guide" and more refreshing. A boy can learn more from the picture of an elephant in a minute than from a treatise on its anatomy in a day. Then a tourist can make enough mistakes to make his narrative human.

In a glance one can get a vision of Japan that will last through life. In one look you can see the quiet waters of these inland seas,

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with their countless craft, and these fine mountain ranges with solitary, "sacred" snow-crowned Fuji, a hundred miles away. In a few days you can look in on the chief cities and some of the country between. In passing you can see clearly the mountains, valleys, forests, rivers, lakes, parks, fields, orchards, gardens, villages and homes. Half of Japan is covered with forests, some noble trees. But the Japanese say, "Among trees, the cherry," and think more of it than George Washington did. Japan has two hundred lakes, some of them beautiful. Its rivers would be longer if they didn't start so near the sea. Its orchards have many kinds of fruit, some good. Its gardens have much that is good for food and pleasant to the eyes.

In the few days I was there I was in their homes and hotels and shops. I visited their schools and "beheld their devotions" in their temples. I heard their strange speech and saw some of their manner of life. I saw them awake and asleep, at their work and at their meals, at their sport and at their worship. I

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saw their smiles and tears and heard their songs and shouts and groanings and weepings. Any day you can see their wedding and funeral procession. I tried all their modes of travel except their flying machines. Everywhere you can see multitudes of men and women and myriads of children. No trouble to raise an army on most any street. And the people of Japan will surely get there, for so many men, women and children were running. Oh, the clatter of wooden sandals!

I shall not try to write a history of Japan, for much of it was lived out before I was born. I shall not tell of riding out with the emperor, nor of our reception in the palace, for I was not there. I shall not write of its temples and shrines, for we have better ones at home. I shall not even try, as most tourists think they must, to explain the "old-time religion," of Japan, for I do not understand it. I do not think the Shintos themselves did. Surely their "way of the gods" was not the Way of God. The reason it is so hard to understand the false religions is because their devotees

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do not understand them and cannot give a clear statement of them. The false religions are inventions with human imperfections; Christianity is a Divine Revelation shining out clearly "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Only the Christian can say, "I know whom I have believed."

The first thing that impresses the visitor is Japan's kindness to the stranger. In some ports bands of little children met us waving American flags. We do not thus welcome common people of Japan. In all the ports there is, near by, an office of the Japan Welcome society, where gentlemen give you correct and courteous directions about points you wish to see, and give you a neat map of the city, and trace in red lines the streets upon which you wish to go and mark the places you wish to visit. Then on the street anyone will answer your questions pleasantly, or if he cannot talk English, will call some one who can. Some mean persons will say there is a money motive in all this show of kindness, but

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I did not find it so. They refused money for small favors and said "Goody-bye" quicker than I could say "Thank you." One does not need to be "personally conducted" in Japan.

The next thing you will notice is that a pleasant way to ride is in a jinrikisha. In earlier days one rode in a basket or chair on one or two poles from the shoulders of two or four men. But an American showed to a Japanese the picture of a baby carriage. The Japanese began to make baby carriages big enough to haul a man, and today in the capital city of Tokyo, although it has fine electric street cars, sixty thousand "rickshaws" do a rushing business. They are neat and comfortable, with good springs, rubber tires and fine upholstery. Lads fifteen to sixty years of age pull these and run fast; one lad to each carriage, or on bad roads two, one to push and one to pull. Some days they run fifty miles.

Then you will observe that their way of hauling goods is different from ours. One little buntzy horse is hitched to these great

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loads. The wagon is heavy and strong, with very high hind wheels and very low front ones, and the wheels are fastened on with lynch pins. There is a platform but no wagon box or standards. Everything is in boxes, bags and baskets, and if anything needs holding on it is roped on. Here let me say these people use rope for more purposes than we do wire. The man does not ride on his wagon, nor drive his horse, but always walks in front of his horse and leads it. The horse is not reined up. I saw fine two-horse teams hitched to carriages, but in no case to a dray or wagon; it was always the one, lone little horse, and he hauls enormous loads. In Kobe and Nagasaki I saw oxen, not hauling, but with great burdens on their backs.

But much of the hauling is done by men. The common delivery wagon and small dray is hauled by one man. Sometimes he wears a breast collar and hauls from one to two tons. I saw but one woman in the collar.

The carrying of smaller things, as baskets of fruit, vegetables and coal, is done by a pole

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on the shoulder of a man, woman or child. Of course in Japan the boats do most of the carrying, and the freight trains do their share, but that little horse and the people do the carrying on the streets. These people are natural sailors and swimmers and you would have to tie a millstone about the neck of a native to drown him.

In the cities you will find some fine large stores, but you notice at once the multiplicity of little shops, thousands of them. Any little booth or shed or small space on the ground will do for a store, or bazaar, and there are plenty of goods and plenty of salesmen. So many stores are filled with toys and trinkets; so many bake shops and sweet shops. Rice stores, tea stores, meat and fish markets are everywhere and food is cheap. The Japanese must confine themselves to fish, so they call all kinds of animals for slaughter "mountain whales" and they pass for fish.

Japan is trying to become Americanized by putting on some of our clothes and wanting to learn our language. They take a live in-

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terest in education of the modern kind. They provide good schools and require attendance. They offer special inducements to teachers. The Imperial University of Tokyo, with long, thorough courses of study, and with seven thousand graduates and seven thousand students in attendance, is a token of their interest and advancement in study. The children want to learn English and the American style of it. Here and there a thoughtful boy is sitting apart from his playmates with an American First Reader; "He shall stand before kings."

Tokyo, Japan, March 7, 1910.

THOSE LITTLE JAPANESE



EMBROIDERING IN JAPAN



NAGASAKI HARBOR

VI

Those Little Japanese

“Those little Japanese,” writes one who thinks he knows them well, “are the most polished and polite people in all the world, but they lack in that element of trustworthiness which makes a great people.” Another who has long lived and labored among them and loves them well, writes: “Truthfulness is not a prominent characteristic of a Japanese.”

A brilliant show of courtesy is accorded to them; but often coupled with the charge of insincerity. Many say their politeness extends more to persons of high degree, or with a hope of favor and that it is not that true kindness which goes out freely to the humble

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and needy. Then there is a current suspicion that Japan feels so jubilant over triumphs in China and Russia that it would like to extend its victories into the new world, and even as I write there are rumors of Japanese intrigue in the Philippines. I do not instinctively admire or trust the Japanese, but after seeing many thousands of them in their daily ways I have no serious charge to bring against them. There is a mystery about all alien races; we can know them but in part.

The Japanese have plain names and numbers for their streets in both Japanese and English, and names on their public buildings and schools to show their purpose. Then at the railroad stations the directions are so plain that one cannot miss his train. One does not need to be "personally conducted" in Japan. A fool need not get lost.

In our big, wild country, we need to do more to make the way plain to the stranger. In many of our railroad stations the inexperienced traveler is in mortal fear lest he miss his train or have to go through the hot ordeal

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of asking the agent about it. Too many of our streets have neither name nor number and too many of our public buildings show no sign of their purpose. A few months ago, in one of our home towns while waiting for connection, I took a stroll. I found eleven churches, but only two of them had any name and it was on the cornerstone. Not one had a bulletin of services; there was nothing to show that any of these churches had a pastor or a service. No invitation or welcome to the stranger. The church ought to make the way into it easier and plainer. Every true church ought to have three gates open to the North, three to the East, three to the South and three to the West, and an angel at every gate.

I spent a Sabbath in Tokyo with the Y. M. C. A. people. They are doing fine work in these cities. I met with the soldiers, a fine-looking company of young men, and through an interpreter spoke to them of the fulness of the life that Jesus came to bring. Then the secretary told the boys they might question

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me about America and they asked about our schools and soldier training, and about President Taft, and especially about Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is easily the first citizen of the world.

They do not seem to have much music in Japan, either among birds or the people. They have plenty of American phonographs. The first record I heard was, "My kitty has gone from her basket."

Sunny Japan, like sunny Kansas, gets cold sometimes. But the people seem to be used to the cold, wear little clothing and have for fires little pots of charcoal. Barefoot boys scrub the stone pavements while ice glistens on the stones behind them. They warm their hands over the coals, but forget they have any feet. Orchards and gardens do not seem to mind the cold either, for trees bloom and gardens grow with ice on the water between the rows.

But Japan is a merry land. Its people do their share of smiling. Every day seems to be good-humor day. But that about their

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babies never crying is a fiction. They scream and squall like ours, on occasion. Ours do not cry much when we carry them on our backs. I saw a thousand mothers carrying babies and only one woman carrying a dog.

The little boys of Japan have a prematurely old look, maybe because their recent ancestors slept several generations. But there is a great awakening. Education has made amazing progress in one generation. Schools are general and well attended. There is a multiplicity of books and periodicals. Daily papers are read generally. Their system of mail delivery, urban and rural, is more complete than ours. But while this new intelligence has weaned them from idols, it has not won them to God. Multitudes are trying to live without religion, and even statesmen are calling for more religion for their country's sake. Japan has been spoken of recently as a nation in search of a religion.

Christian missions have done much. But mission work in Japan began at the top, and not among the lowly; began among the

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learned, and now the missions are languishing in overmuch intellectualism.

The government schools, here as with us, think they have run clear away from the academical institutions of the Church; but, here as there, their superiority is in externals and arrogance. To meet this crisis some of the missionaries think they must rush to the great German and American universities for more equipment. Missionaries ought to have true scholarship and work through the best schools, and they do; but those who have the hidden wisdom that the princes of this world know not need not tremble in the presence of mere worldly wisdom. How often a pastor wearies himself for a week putting up a weak metaphysical antidote for some magazine heresy which he imagines his people have read, while if he preached a living gospel sermon it would fortify them against all such vagaries. Not worldly-wise disputation, but the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. The minister and missionary is not so much an apologist as a herald. Not philosophy but

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tender mercy breaks the heart. Fulness of God's love only can satisfy the hunger of the heart. Nothing wins souls and holds them better than the simple gospel story earnestly, tenderly told by holy, humble, loving men and women.

It will take the real gospel and the might of God's Spirit to save these little Japanese, and it will take patient training to make them exemplary citizens. It will take divine power to take the kinks out of their conscience; indeed it will take, first of all, the sprinkling of precious blood.

But the missionaries, who understand better than others the whole nature of this people, have the most confidence in them, and have the largest hope for a new and worthy Japan.

When Japan woke from its three centuries of slumber all its old people were dead, and the youngsters are in charge. With this new inspiration the Japanese is capable, courteous, courageous and fiercely ambitious. Since his victories over China and Russia he thinks he

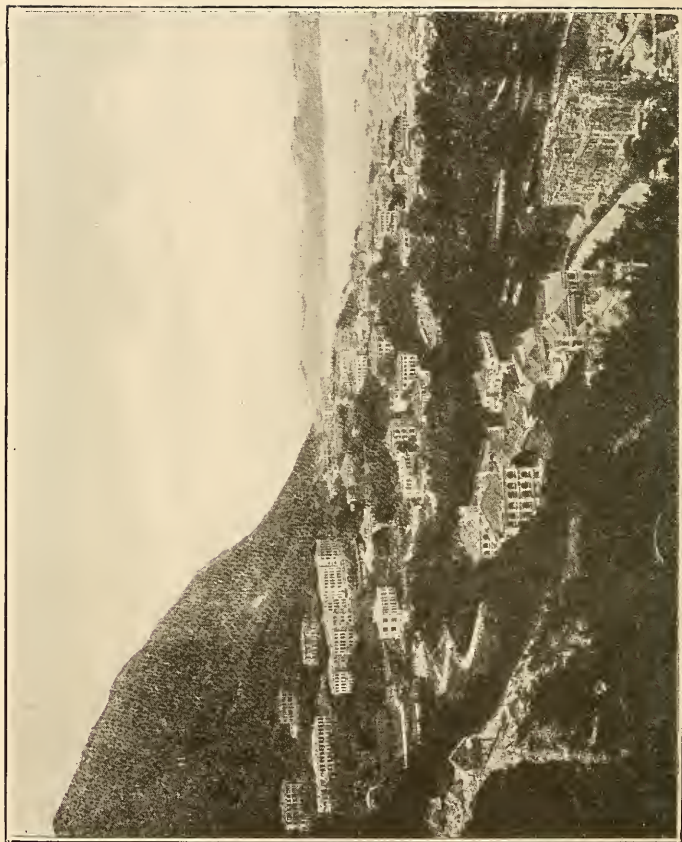
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is as good as anybody on earth, even an American. The old-time Japanese worshipped his ancestors; the Japanese of today worships himself. With the United States for a model and with his quick appreciation of American ideas he thinks he has discovered the secret of world-supremacy and is anxious to start something. But there is One who holds the world-supremacy, and the sceptre is in the nail-pierced hand, and by His grace the high-spirited Japanese and the high-spirited American shall become as a little child and walk in the Way of God.

Nagasaki, Japan, March 10, 1910.

AMONG THE CELESTIALS





A view of Hongkong, China.

VII

Among the Celestials

Here I am among the Celestials, but it is not heaven, not even Beulah-land. It is a strange place; strange sights, strange sounds and strange smells and sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers have all lost their sweetness to me.

I cannot write as readily and positively about the Chinese as before coming to China. Old missionaries hesitate to tell of these mysterious people. A missionary told me today he would rather take a whipping than to write home to the papers. So I must write quickly or never.

The reason it is so hard to write is because this is the land of contradictions. Nothing is

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definite, accurate nor certain. What is true in one place is false in another; true yesterday and false today. The distance from Canton to Chinkiang is not the same as the distance from Chinkiang to Canton, Euclid to the contrary. Two Hongkong dollars from the same mint do not have the same number of cents and the same dollar does not have the same number of cents in the evening it had in the morning. Scales cannot be bought ready made, for each man wants them made to order to suit his way of weighing. Even twins are not the same age and do not look alike and deny relationship.

Then their language is so indefinite; the same word has different significations by different tones. For example, the same word may mean home or devil, and when trying to tell your friends you are going home, by a faulty intonation you may innocently give them a wrong impression as to your destination.

In coming into China from Japan one notices some resemblances and many differences

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between the Japanese and Chinese. They are different in color. We think they are both yellow, but they are really black; or maybe black over gold. The Japanese have more brown in their black, the Chinese a tinge of blue. But my friends never did appreciate my judgment on colors.

They are different in size. The Japanese are not as large as their consciousness of dignity, but the Chinese are larger, some tall, manly fellows among them.

They are different in dress. The Japanese dress neatly and evenly; the Chinese with very much or very little clothing. In the workshops and on the treadpower boats they wear a girdle only. More rags, nakedness and filth in China.

They are different in appearance. The Japanese are cheerful and lively; the Chinese serious and subdued, more the form of a servant.

They are different in manner. The Japanese are polished and polite; the Chinese respectful and reserved. The former are the

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French and the latter the Germans of the East.

They are different in intelligence. The Japanese are quick and up to date; the Chinese may be deep, but are dull and dark.

They are different in character. The Chinese are more sincere and trustworthy.

I had but a nine days' glance at China, chiefly in the cities of Shanghai, Canton and Hongkong and some of the country along the rivers. The rivers of China are of surprising width and volume.

As we enter Shanghai through the foreign concessions it looks like a fine modern city, but as we pass into the old Chinese city it is narrow and dark. But in the new part of the city there is hustling that would take Chicago hurrying to beat. In the American postoffice in Shanghai we can post American postcards and letters for one and two cents postage, same as at home.

Hongkong, a better known city, is on a mountain island, three miles wide and twelve long and 2,000 feet high. A climb to the peak

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gives good exercise and a fine view of the city and the harbor of Kowloon. Hongkong is a British city with a Christian front door and a heathen back yard. The British buildings along the shore are splendid, but the Chinese part is huddled in a filthy mass. Up the mountain sides are parks and forests and great hotels and elegant homes. The city has been a leading shipping port, only recently surpassed by New York and London. The city has 320,000 people. A few are British, then there are many races and blends, but the Chinese lead with fifteen-sixteenths of the population. While in the city I found a pleasant home at the American Board mission, where I also met some Presbyterian missionaries and Rev. J. K. Robb and Dr. J. M. Wright, of the Covenanter mission.

In these ports American tourists buy their curios. General Grant said one of the wonders of the world was a Chinaman beating a Jew in a bargain. An American lady from the Cleveland excursion beat down one of these merchants on the price of a rug from

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\$70 to \$60, then innocently handed him \$60 in American gold, worth that day just \$140, and the wretch kept it.

Hongkong, China, March 15, 1910.

CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS





Enjoying the sights in China

VIII

Chinese Characteristics

My friends tell me that in these parts I have found China modernized by touch with western civilization and that the real China is in the interior. They tell of communities where many live in utter nakedness. They say there is ground for the stories about some of the Chinese eating strange things, that they eat the flesh of animals that came to their death by old age, disease, and even poisoning, without it affecting their appetite or their health.

They say that the violation of every principle relating to food, drink, air, light, clothing and cleanliness does not seem to affect health and claim that the germ theory has

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fallen down in China or these multitudes would be dead before sundown.

But many good things are said of the Chinese, and their industry, economy and quiet behavior are clearly seen. Their industry is not so much interest in their work or hope of gain, but an everlasting scratching for something to eat. They are economical enough to eat any kind of food and eat up all the scraps and starve the dog and cat. A coolie will run home miles for dinner to save the excess cost on a one cent dish of rice. They tell of an old lady of an economical turn of mind who when she thought the end was near, hobbled wearily over to her daughter's home near the graveyard to lessen the expense of her pallbearers.

There is very little drinking among the Chinese. But there is much smoking, even among the women and babies, and the cigarette is taking up the deadly work that the opium pipe is laying down. Gambling is China's great national vice and fortune-telling keeps it company. There is idolatry every-

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where, idols at every corner and incense "under every green tree."

China has little music. Maybe my ears are not attuned to Chinese melodies, but their best band music sounds like our worst charivari music.

There are reports of Chinese learning and wisdom, but doubtless these reports are mythical. They may know something of their own literature, philosophy and mysteries, but they are back on current events, the sciences and mathematics. They have no use for geography, and think China is the whole earth. They know little of the world and less of heaven.

But in their daily walk and work they are a quiet, orderly people, and there is little suggestion of such outbreaks as the Boxer rebellion. But those who know these quiet, kindly-looking faces best, say there sometimes lurks behind them an enmity cruel as death and as relentless.

Missionaries who have been here a lifetime give me many characteristics of these people,

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but because of exceptions and contradictions, hesitate to combine these characteristics and announce a character.

The race problem is deeper than the color of the skin, as we are finding out in America. The Chinese question is not a problem, but a puzzle, and the mystery deepens with study.

But there is a real awakening and if the Chinese can get from under the powers and get some of the power of the Gospel we may hear of something really great.

At a first glance at these people so sadly lost, the missionary proposition seems hard and hopeless. But the Gospel is for the lost and missions are successful here and many of the Chinese converts are earnest, clean, beautiful Christians. The answer to the missionary problem is the Chinese Christian himself. And as you hear him humbly tell of his salvation and boldly add, "I am for Jesus Christ," you feel that he is real.

To the question, "Can these dead souls live, can these multitudes so hopelessly lost be redeemed and cleansed?" from every mission-

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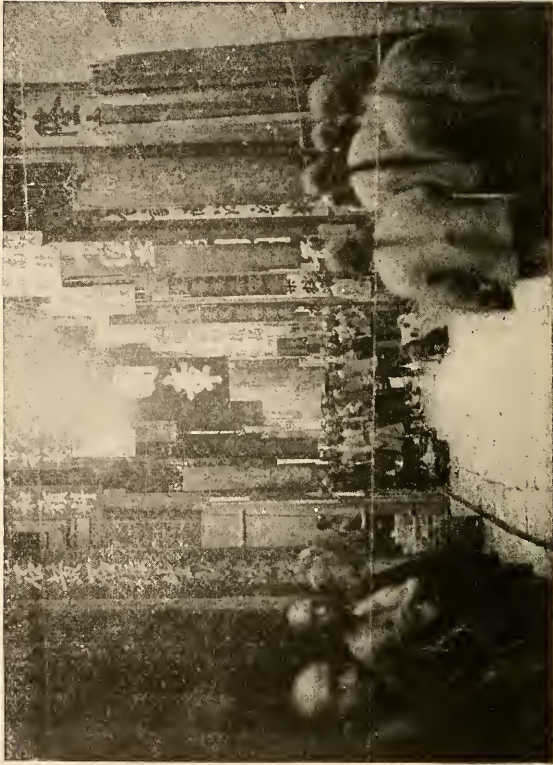
field in China comes the answer, quick and clear, "Yea and Amen, the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Hongkong, China, March 22, 1910.



CANTON, CHINA





A STREET IN CANTON

IX

Canton, China

In Canton, as we land at the Shameen, a beautiful park where the foreign concessions are, we think we are in a fine Christian city, but as we step over a little bridge into the old part we are sure we are in a heathen city, dark, dirty, and deadly.

The streets are from three to twelve feet wide, averaging seven, and sometimes almost filled with wares from the stores. There is but one street for vehicles, the Bund, by the riverside. The houses are huddled in a mass, while the beautiful knolls about the city are given over to goat pastures and graveyards. The people are afraid to live outside the walls. My friends warned me that Canton would be

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as dangerous as Mammoth Cave without a guide, but I tried it and didn't get lost, hadn't any one to get lost from.

I thought to spend a day in Canton with three million strangers, but spent two days with pleasant friends. I fell in with a missionary, who took me to his home, where to my delight I found some young missionaries from Iowa. They dined me, showed me their mission schools and took me about the city.

Incidentally I heard that a Mr. Collins, a United Presbyterian, was at the Canton Christian College. I took a sampan and went five miles down the river to the college and the first man I met was Mr. Collins. I found him to be Archie Collins, of Monmouth College, '02, and son of Dr. J. A. Collins. A month before he had cable announcement of his father's death, and just that evening had the home letter about it. Dear Dr. Collins, faithful and beloved! Mr. Collins is the architect in charge of the construction of the new college buildings. He entertained me royally and the next morning took me to the city and to the

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American Board Mission, where I met some new missionaries from College Springs, Iowa.

Then by introduction through a San Francisco friend I spent an afternoon with Mr. Lind, superintendent of the Canton-Samshui Railroad. Mr. Lind was formerly with our Southern Pacific road, but seven years ago he came here to take charge of a little failure of an interurban road that was using the cast-off engines of a New York city elevated road. He rebuilt the road and extended it to Samshui, thirty-one miles, and put in double track. In their own shops they make great engines and cars that carry one hundred and fifty passengers each. All the machinery in the shops and most of the material is from America, but all the workmen are Chinese. Indeed, I think Mr. Lind is the only white man on the system. On this short line they run trains every hour, and carry an average of fourteen thousand passengers a day. The fares are first, second and third class, most third, and average less than three-eighths of a cent per mile. They pay well, too, for last

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year the expenses were only 32 per cent of the earnings, giving a profit of two-thirds. Thus they could carry passengers at one-eighth of a cent per mile at a profit. These are not Chinese figures, but American figures from Mr. Lind's books. The road has never had a wreck.

In Canton the guide books tell us there are wonderful sights. I visited "The Old Water Clock." The "story" is that this clock, which has no dial to indicate the time, but a stick with heathen characters on it, is run by the vapors from an old well, which form water that penetrates through a few old jars and regulates the aforesaid stick, and that the old thing has kept correct time a thousand years. Hundreds of visitors pay daily to see this fake.

Then I walked over the "Execution Grounds," just a common back alley, filled with fruit stands and fortune tellers, but cleared up occasionally that criminals may there be put to death by beheading, hanging or crucifixion. A cross that had been recently

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used was leaning against the wall, and in an old jar were a score of human skulls. I would have thought these grounds a fake, too, only an American missionary showed them to me, and those skulls were suggestive. The Chinese apply capital punishment to murderers, pirates, kidnappers, and to some thieves and adulterers, but as with us, mostly to adulteresses.

“The Temple of Horrors” is another much-visited place. The gods look worse than any of the people. The array of devils at their work of torture is sadly amusing rather than terrifying. But all their temples are temples of horror. They are the common haunt of gamblers, fortune tellers, beggars and thieves. The most of the worshippers are women; the men, like some of ours at home, come only to feasts and funerals.

“The City of the Dead,” in Canton, is not a cemetery, but buildings where they store bodies of the dead until the priests can find a lucky day and lucky year to bury them. If the corpse has rich relations it is almost as

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hard to pay its way into the grave as to pay its way out of purgatory.

But if one wishes to see real things he had better eschew guides and guide books. He may find himself weeping at the wrong shrine sometimes, but he does that with a guide. If one has a friend who hasn't been too long in the city he might go with him. But the best way is to take a map and walk out alone.

The boat population of Canton is a million, "they say." The "sampan," a boat six feet wide and twenty long, partly covered with matting, and looking something like an old-time prairie schooner, is the home of a family, maybe, including several generations. It serves for porch, parlor, bedrooms, kitchen, cellar, back yard, and sometimes there is room for dog and cat and the old hen and chickens. Here children are born and sometimes live to old age, without being on land. Great wedding feasts are held on the boats at night with fine illuminations. Few of these people learn to swim and I saw only one of the million in the water.

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The walls of the city are high and wide, cost millions, and have been a defense. Just before our coming there had been a collision between the soldiers and the police, with bloodshed, mutiny and execution. Some want to remove the city walls and put an electric car line in their place, but there is protest. But some fine day an American will run out some trolley lines and start a boom in lots out on those fine knolls.

Canton, China, March 18, 1910.



THE CITY OF SINGAPORE







Autos and oxen in Singapore

X

The City of Singapore

On the world-map the city of Singapore sits astride the equator, but really the line is several yards outside the corporation. But it is true that from no other great city on the globe can you get a finer view of the equator—a beautiful girdle, studded here and there with diamonds and pearls, and reaching around the whole earth!

Singapore is a British crown colony, but not one per cent of its people is British. Singapore island, on which the city sits, is fifteen miles north and south and twenty-five miles east and west, and is at the south end of the Malay peninsula. On the east is the China sea and on the west the straits of Malacca.

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Nearby are the islands of Sumatra, Java and Borneo, and not far away are the Philippines. The climate is mild but not hot, as we might suppose. The highest record of temperature is ninety-two degrees. Last year the highest was eighty-eight, lowest seventy-three and average eighty. Not much difference between January and July. Vegetable growth is luxuriant, for there is plenty of sunshine and it rains nearly every day, and things grow night and day the year round. The harbor is several miles long and full of shipping. The new part of the city is elegant and many homes have ample grounds. The English officials have immense residences, partly for use, and partly for that show of wealth and power which helps them rule. The schools are in parks and look very attractive. The churches are not set in gingerly against other buildings, but have lawns and trees about them. The hauling is done by oxen, mostly great white fellows, which draw big two-wheel carts. The people ride in electric trains, pony gharries, automobiles and rickshaws. Ancient oxen

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and American autos run side by side and the autos beat every time.

The markets and bazaars are interesting in their products and in the throngs that visit them. The climate requires little clothing and some do not live up to the requirements, many little children wearing a necklace only.

The city is on a boom with the rubber business and many poor people are going broke on rubber stocks, same as in America. The finest thing in the city is just outside of it, the great botanical garden, big as an American township and filled with everything that is beautiful in plants, flowers and trees. Here are fountains, brooks, waterfalls, lakes, bridges, arches, flower-beds, lawns, tangled thickets and deepest, darkest forests. If you want to see tropical luxuriance gaze on it here.

The city has fine schools and the English language is taught exclusively, although most of the pupils are Chinese.

The Y. M. C. A. is putting up a fine building at a cost of \$60,000. The Australian

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S. D. A. mission lodged me three days courteously. Here I met Rev. and Mrs. Votaw, missionaries in Singapore. Mrs. Votaw is the sister of Mr. Harding, who aspires to the governorship of Ohio.

The Presbyterian Church of England has had a self-supporting congregation here for more than fifty years. This congregation sustains several missions and schools.

The American Methodists have a good congregation and fine church and parsonage in the midst of a pretty park. They also have a fine school with over eleven hundred boys and girls in attendance. I spent the morning visiting various grades in this school, from the infant class to the seniors. The teachers are mostly short-term teachers from America, but a good many are native teachers trained in this school. Boys and girls of many races are in this school, but they soon learn the English language. I heard the little children learning to read much as I did some time ago. I heard the juniors recite in Bible. Each student read a verse and explained it and their understand-

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ing of Bible facts and principles was wonderful. Then the teacher gave them a talk on the lesson. Many of them are led to become true Christians in this school. I met a young Chinese student at a fountain and as he handed me a cup of cold water I noticed that he could speak English and I wondered if I might not tell him of Jesus. Just then he looked at me pleasantly and asked, "Do you stand for Jesus Christ?" He got there first.

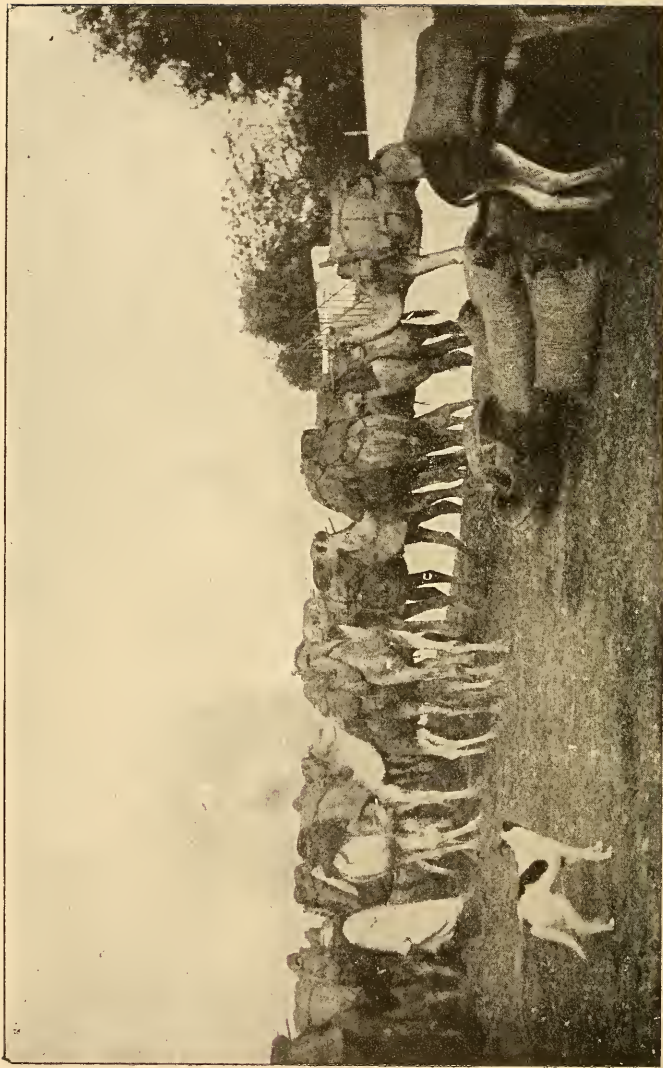
In the evening I met some of the students in the parks and they were anxious to ask me about America, and were ready to tell me of their new faith. They told me of their temptations, and of their purposes, and of their daily reading of the Bible, and their morning and evening prayers, and how they asked God to send his Holy Spirit to help them live like Jesus. In speaking of their religious standing they said, "I am for Jesus Christ."

Singapore, S. S., March 31, 1910.



RANGOON, BURMAH





A Freight Train in the Orient.

XI

Rangoon, Burmah

Twenty-one miles from the sea, up the Rangoon river, we find the city of Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, with a population of over 300,000. It is a beautiful city and has more breathing room than any other city I have found in the East. The streets are very wide and have fine shade trees on either side. There are many parks, indeed the city is one vast park, and looks like those paradise cities in southern California. It has many attractions, but here, as elsewhere, I do not find buildings nor scenery the chief attraction, but the people themselves. They all seem to be on the streets at once, a swarm of men, women and children, in gay colors, white, scarlet and pink predominating. I should have men-

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tioned black, too, for that is the general color of the people, and their gay clothing covers but little of their bodies. The working men wear loincloths only and many of the little children wear only the same garments they had on when they first came through the blue sky.

The country round about is very productive, and here I saw the first harvest fields and the great stacks of rice straw, thicker than our straw stacks in the month of August. The markets and bazaars are overflowing and the city looks like it was prosperous. The public buildings are fine and are generally in the midst of a park.

The city is notable for its Buddhist shrines and is much like Athens, when Paul visited it, "wholly given to idolatry." Here is the greatest Buddhist temple in the world, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. As a work of art in the building wonders of India, it ranks next to the Taj Mahal, which crowns all. It is in the midst of a large park and its pedestal or platform covers several blocks. The building is

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large, not to accommodate worshippers, but to display its gods. It is costly and magnificent. So many of these temples have only tinsel and gilt, like the band wagon and chariots in the early-day circus; but this one has much real gold and precious stones. The approaches and corridors are places of merchandise and dens of thieves. The temple has more gods than worshippers, and it has more dead saints on its walls than living ones in its walks. There must be hundreds of gods, for in one side-show I counted forty-eight, varying in size from an infant to an elephant. The Burmese gods have pleasanter countenances than the Chinese gods, but they have about them so much litter and grease and ashes from the offerings that they look untidy.

Just before I visited the temple a friend had given me a little idol, a miniature of Buddha, as big as a man's hand and carved out of marble. I carried it in my hand as I walked up the temple steps, and the little fellow took a notion to slip out of my hand and fell on the stone step and broke off his head. A kind-

ONCE AROUND THE WORLD

hearted native offered to get me some "medicine" to stick its head on again, but I did not want a god who could not walk up the temple steps without breaking his neck, and who had not power to restore his own head. That he fell to his destruction on those temple steps I regarded as a good omen.

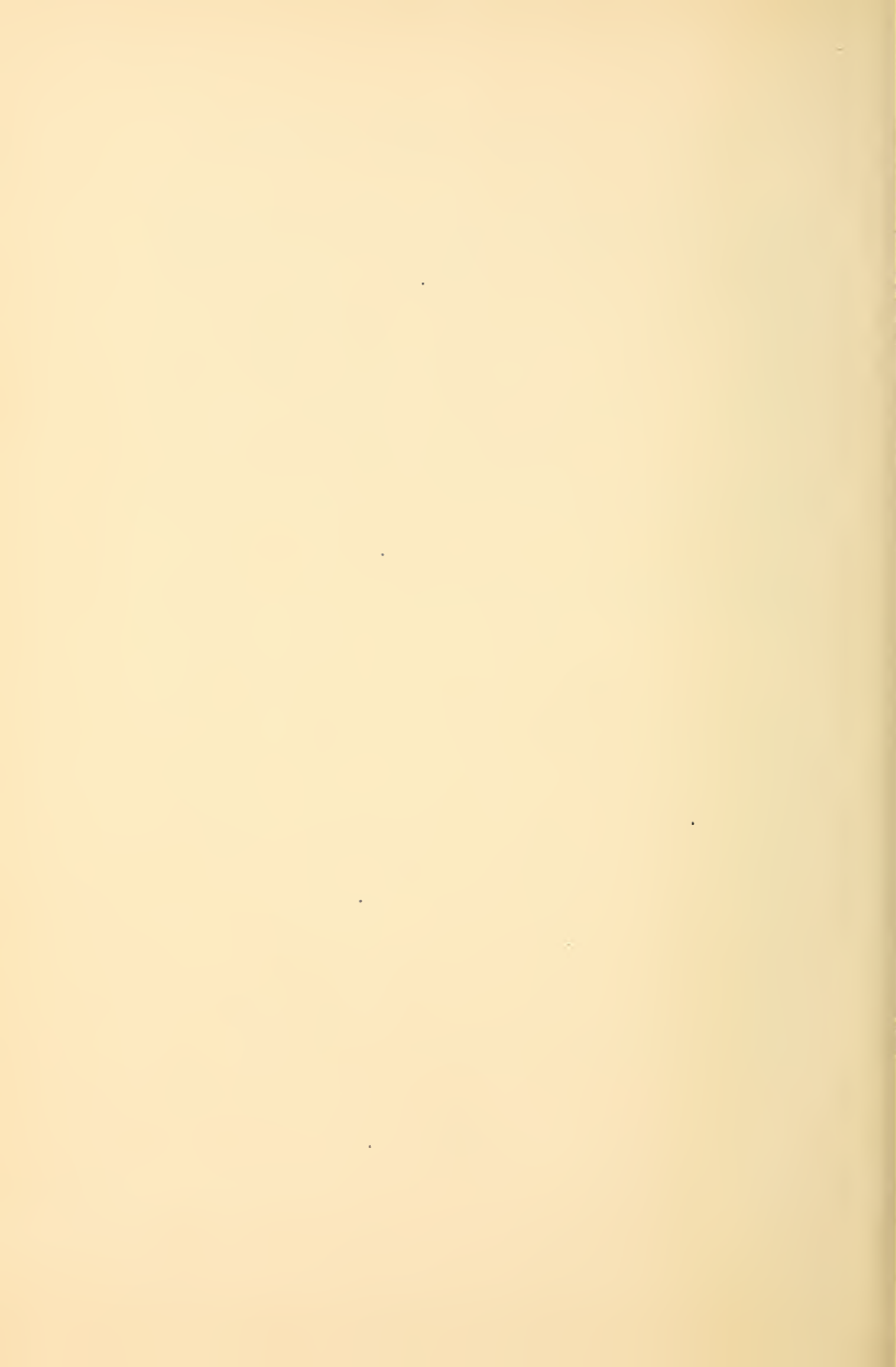
There has been some revival in Buddhist circles recently on account of the unearthing of sundry additional parts of Buddha's anatomy, a tooth and toenail, I believe. They were brought to this shrine. I did not see them, but I saw one of his shoes.

The worshippers here are more devout than in China. Bowing low, with a flower in their clasped hands, and their eyes fixed steadily on the dead eyes of their god, they pour out earnest words with a devotion that is pitiful. So many of the worshippers are old, poor, withered mothers, speaking their last words into ears that cannot hear, and casting their last look into eyes that cannot pity. On their faces were looks of indescribable sadness and hopelessness.

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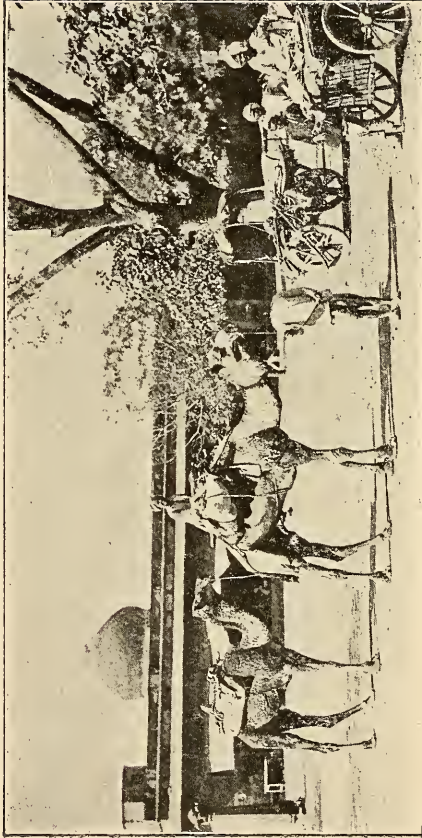
Burmah has had faithful missionaries since the Judsons took up their work here, ninety-seven years ago. The Church of England, the American Methodists, and others, have taken up the work in later years. "But what are they among so many?" Millions of them are there who sit in darkness, have never seen the Great Light, and they are wandering on into a night that knows no morning.

Rangoon, Burmah, April 7, 1910.



EASTERN GATEWAYS OF INDIA





Some missionary helpers

XII

Eastern Gateways of India

India's front door used to be on the north at Khyber Pass, but now it has doors on every side and its chief portals are at Bombay on the west and Calcutta on the east.

But two thousand miles from Calcutta we find India's eastern gateway on the sea. Singapore, the Equator city, is the western gateway to China, and the eastern gateway to India.

Early Sabbath morning, April 10, 1910, I first saw the green groves and glad harvest fields of India and was glad. I was glad to see the bountiful harvests and glad to be in the land of our missions. In this land one of my dearest friends had given her life even

ONCE AROUND THE WORLD

unto death, and one from my own heart and home had taken up the work that was laid down.

Nearly all day Sabbath we steamed up the Hooghly river to Calcutta. "Calcutta, the City of Palaces!" But like all cities with a million people, it does not have enough palaces to go round. When we think of Calcutta, we think of the Black Hole of Calcutta, where a century and a half ago 157 British soldiers were infamously smothered. A small enclosure near the new postoffice marks the spot where they died and across the street a monument marks their common grave and perpetuates their names.

Monday I took the first train north. I was glad to be on a car instead of a ship. I found it is 15,318 miles from Monmouth to Sialkot. Passing through the waterless wastes of New Mexico and Arizona I thought that old geographical dictum, "One-fourth of the earth's surface is land and three-fourths water," was a little watered, but after sailing over more than 10,900 miles of oceans between San Fran-

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cisco and Calcutta, I decided there's water enough to meet the conditions.

I used to suppose that if I was across the Pacific I would be almost to India. But from San Francisco to Yokohama is 5,400 miles, and from Yokohama to Calcutta is 5,400 miles. From Yokohama to Hongkong is 2,001 miles. From Hongkong to Singapore is 1,437 miles. From Singapore to Calcutta is 2,000 miles.

After fasting forty days on steamer storage supplies it is refreshing to get on land and find something to eat. That festive first-class menu-card had shylocked me out of fourteen pounds of flesh. A steamer dining table looks like a feast of delights, but is as disappointing as a mock banquet. But I had a real vacation on the sea, the first one since I was a baby. Once in my pastorate at Amity I tried to take a three weeks' vacation, but preached every Sabbath. On this trip I have preached only half time.

Seventy-five days from Monmouth to Sialkot; forty-two traveling, thirty-three visiting. Fifty-eight days without a letter! When one

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waits that long he is anxious to know whether the message will be of life or of death. Twenty-four cheerful letters awaited me. Sixty days without seeing a familiar face! Then, by Heaven's kind decree, I looked first upon the face I came to see. My daughter met me at Lahore and after a race on that long platform we came together in swift and sweet collision. It was worth coming fifteen thousand miles to have a part in that meeting.

“I knew not the sweetness of the fountain
Till I found it flowing in the desert:
Nor the value of a friend
Till the meeting in a lonely land.”

Sialkot, India, April 13, 1910.

INDIA, OUR OWN INDIA





“Two and two before His face into
every city and place.”

XIII

India, Our Own India

In a few hours we were at home with friends in Sialkot, Calcutta to Sialkot in forty-four hours. That is quicker than Dr. Gordon made it in 1855. It took him one hundred and sixty-eight days.

After sitting down at the table for two months with strangers it is a rare joy to sit down at the supper-table with friends. It was a holiday indeed to sit down at the cheerful table of Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Holliday.

But I did not come to India at the right time. Some of the missionaries thought I had better run back and come two years later. Some of them said I should have come three months earlier and seen the work in camp;

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others said I should have come three months later and gone with them to the hills.

Some of them wanted me to attend Assiut Commencement in July when it is not, instead of May when it is. Some of them wanted me to run on quick and skip Egypt and Palestine and reach the Edinburgh Conference, but I would rather attend a country school picnic. Some of them said that in my short visit I had seen nothing and charged me to tell no man. Some said I could not understand the real situation any more than a graven image can and solemnly warned me not to try to write for the papers. Other some said, "Write the things you have seen and heard and go home and shout for India." But they all gave me angelic welcome and united in giving me a merry whirl for fifteen days and nights. They fed me five times a day and slept me fourteen times a week. If I had slept all they wanted me to I wouldn't have been awake yet. If I had eaten all they wanted me to this letter would have been my obituary.

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My daughter chaperoned me and we visited ten of our twelve mission stations in a very complete way! It was something of a triumphal journey. Whether we arrived at mid-day or midnight the chief man of the mission met us at the city gates with his chariots and attendants.

We started in at Sialkot, as the Gordons did in the beginning. Here we found the Holidays and with them four new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell and Misses Roma Beatty and Elizabeth Lawrence. The Christian Training Institute is doing great work, but the boys' dormitory is not much better than the one at Monmouth. Dr. T. L. Scott is very busy with both the seminary and the city schools, and his wife was using a crutch because she had driven too fast from church the Sabbath before. Miss Moore is in district work and Miss McCahon in city missionary work. Misses Fannie Martin and Flora Jamieson have the girls' boarding school and are doing a world of good. Dr. Maria White has charge of the hospital and is healing more

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people in a minute than Mrs. Eddy ever did. The amount of work done by our doctors in India is amazing. Any earnest young doctor can come here and find a million patients waiting for him. Miss McConachie, a bright young nurse from Ireland, has come to help Dr. White. So many of our missionaries had recently started home, the McKelveys, Drs. Simpson and Gilbakian, Misses Anna Hamilton, Minger, McConnell, Cleland and little Lois McClure. Then Mrs. E. E. Campbell had just gone to the heavenly home a few days before.

To Zafarwal from Sialkot is a delightful drive of twenty-seven miles, southeast, two rivers to ford. Here are the Nesbitts and Misses Nancy Hadley and Belle Hamilton. The other missionaries call Zafarwal "The Jungle," but I think it is one of the loveliest places in all the mission. A fine old mission home, apart from the village, in a great grove of eucalyptus trees, with orchard and well and garden and plenty of flowers, and great wheat fields all about, and one hundred and

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twenty-five miles away a fine view of the snowy Himalayas. Then here at Zafarwal, and at Zafarwal only, you can visit that dear old Saint Kanaya, the Village Lambarder of whom Dr. Gordon wrote so much in "Our India Mission." In a pleasant little Indian home, near by, live Kanaya and his good wife, both of them past ninety. I visited them twice and saw the glad light on their faces as they told me, through an interpreter, the glad story of our India mission from the beginning. They said "God sent His prophets to tell us of Jesus—and now the glad sound is filling all India." I would rather visit them than be received by the king—or be denied an audience with the Pope!

Another drive of seventeen miles from Zafarwal southwest brings us to Pasrur, where labor Dr. Samuel Martin, his daughters, Josephine and Mary, the Brandons and Miss Mary Kyle. In this place souls are flocking to the Saviour like doves flock to their windows. Over 1,200 members were added to this church the past year. It will take a good many of

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our synods at home to do as well. Multitudes are ready to come if some one would come and lead them in. Between Pasrur and Sialkot, at Bawa Lakhan, we found Brother J. W. Ballentine and his delightful family, happy in their new home and busy in their good work. Near by we visited the leper colony, which is in Mr. Ballentine's care. Lepers are a sad sight, but Jesus thought tenderly of them. In a little cemetery near Pasrur a monument marks the resting place of Miss Edith M. Fulton.

At Rawal Pindi we found more than we expected, a large city and the largest military establishment outside of England. We found a great missionary work, too. Rawal Pindi College is one of our great United Presbyterian colleges, and is doing big work with little money. At Rawal Pindi we met E. L. Porters, the Maxwells, Pickens, Mr. Merriam, Mrs. McClure and Miss Josephine White. Beautiful drives about the city, miles of roses.

At Jhelum we were welcomed by Rev. E. E. Campbell and Misses Morrison and Gordon.

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Miss Gordon is from our own Iowa. Brother Campbell was going on bravely with his work in the Summer Bible School, "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." Here at Jhelum is our Good Samaritan Hospital, and near by the grave of Dr. Sophie E. Johnson.

At Gujranwala we had a good time with the Crows and McArthurs and Misses McCullough and Margaret Wilson. I felt a special interest in Miss Wilson, for I know her good father and mother and have known Margaret herself since she was a child. The Boys' Industrial School and the Girls' Training School are the forces that will make a new India. Some one ought to send over a new home for Miss Wilson's bright girls in the training school.

At Sangla Hill we found a happy quartette doing a great work, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and Misses Kate Hill and Lena Brotherston. Mr. Caldwell and I had not met since we parted at Monmouth as students, thirty-four years ago, but we took up the lines as if it had been only thirty-four minutes. Mrs.

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Caldwell is a good missionary and a good home maker and good cook. Misses Hill and Brotherston are not twins, but they work well together. Mr. Caldwell and Miss Hill took us up to the top of Sangla Hill and showed us their kingdom. We could see 100,000 acres of good wheat and a bigger spiritual harvest field. These four workers have a parish of 25 by 36 miles, with 500 villages, in 115 of which are Christians. Sangla Hill church has 2,000 members. Our biggest United Presbyterian churches are not in Pittsburg.

We spent a happy Sabbath at Lyalpur with Rev. J. H. Martins and Misses Spencer and Bennett. I had been anxious to see my "twin-daughter," Miss Hazel Bennett, and found her well worthy the relationship. The Martins are happy in having three sons in Muskingum College, and three bright daughters and a son who intend to go to Muskingum after while.

At Gurdaspur we met Rev. and Mrs. D. R. Gordon and Misses Corbett and Dickson. David Gordon is one of the second generation

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and he reaches out with easy swing to 700 villages and gathers many into the bundle of life. If I were a child again I think I would try and grow into a missionary.

At Pathankot we met a fine group of friendly missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stewart, Misses Mary and Bessie Campbell and Miss Schwab. And Misses Cynthia and Rosa Wilson were kind to drive in from Madhoper to meet us. They look happy, and they ought to. The Stewarts have as pretty a baby, Genevieve, as some parents who have a dozen children. Miss Mary Campbell has the Avalon Girls' High School, and it is doing well, but it needs so much a new building, and it will be a pleasing gift, pleasing to the Lord if some one will send them a new building. The girls are praying for it.

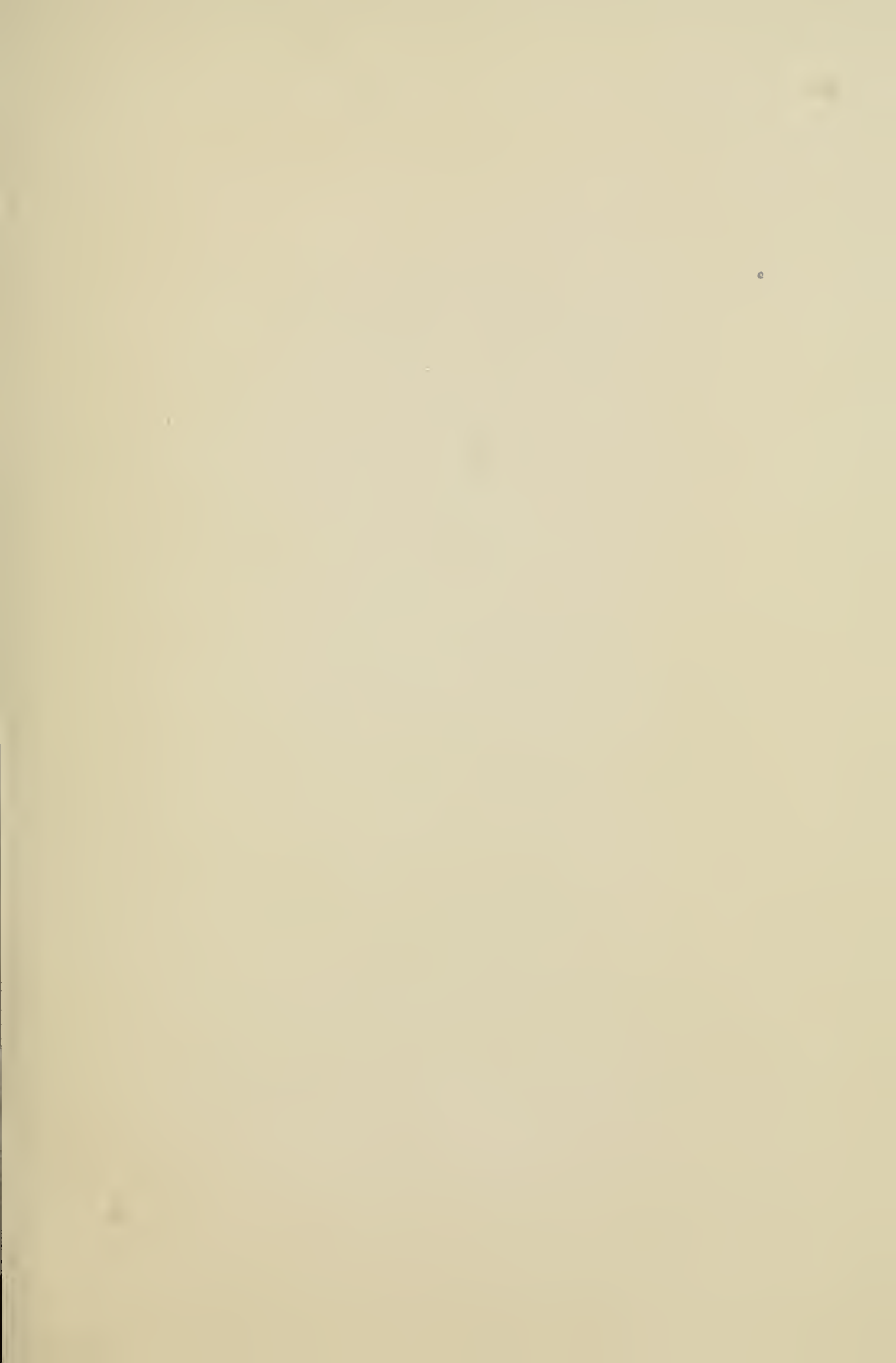
We are sorry that we could not visit the friends at Khangah Dogran, and were much grieved that we could not see Sargodha, "the best station in the mission." But at Jhelum we met two angels of the Sargodha church, Dr. Brown and Miss Emma Dean Anderson.

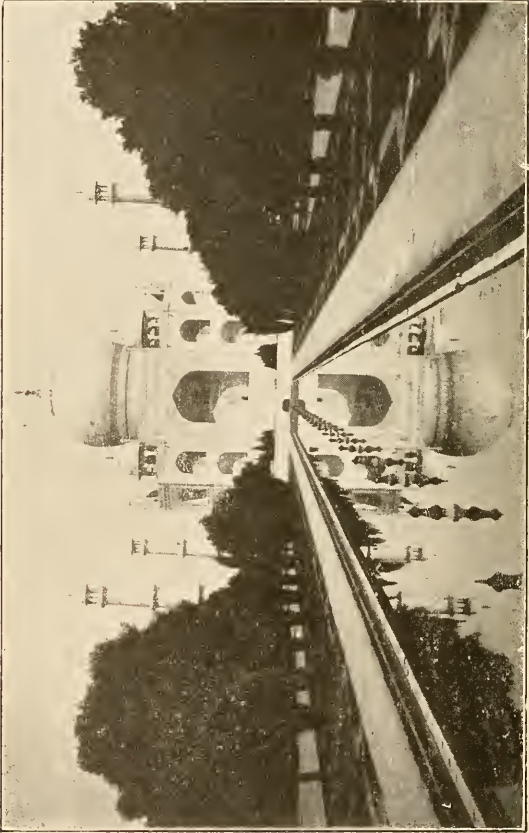
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From every station I could have written of others "whose names are in the book of life," the "fellow laborers," a long list of faithful native workers. It was a joy to meet them and find them so much interested in the work. I wish I could bring a company of them home and show what fine teachers and elders and preachers these India converts make.

Pathankot, India, April 26, 1910.

TWO INDIA HARVESTS





Taj Mahal—“The crown of all palaces”

XIV

Two India Harvests

India has a bumper wheat crop this year, "best in twenty years," say some of the people. Since the early days on the prairie I have not seen bigger wheat fields nor better wheat. North India is one vast wheat field.

But here, as at home, the profits of the crop go to the speculators and the poor pay famine prices. Most of this wheat goes to England and most of these people live on something cheaper. But the abundant harvest brings some good cheer.

In three thousand miles of travel among the wheat fields I have seen but one reaping machine and that was on the Agricultural College farm at Lyalpur. It was an old-fashioned

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“dropper” like we used in the sixties and was drawn by a yoke of oxen. Not anywhere have I heard the music of the threshing machine, for everything is done in the old way. In preparing the ground it is plowed once or twice by a little wooden plow drawn by a yoke of oxen. The plow has but one handle and the man holds it in his left hand, and holds the ox-gad in his right hand and yells and swears continually. They smooth the ground by dragging a square piece of wood, about the size of a railroad tie, over it with those same oxen. The wheat is sown by hand. To cover it they sometimes plow it again and smooth it with that drag. When harvest comes men reap the wheat with sickles. They sit on their feet as they reap. Women gather the stalks into piles but rarely bind them. Women gleaners, Ruth-like, follow after and pick up every straw.

It is threshed on a threshing floor of smooth ground by the treading of oxen, cows and calves, and winnowed by throwing it up in the air and letting the wind blow the chaff

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away. Then the grain is divided into many parts for the many different owners of it. When a man rents the ground and the oxen and plow and borrows the seed he doesn't have a very big share in the grain.

The rice crop, too, is abundant, and India's millions could be fed if there was a fair distribution. Harvest wages are high this year, twice as high as they used to be. A good hand can get 33 cents a day if he boards himself.

But India has a greater harvest, "The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the Kingdom. The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels." In that hasty stroll which I took through our mission field I could readily see that the harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few. Sometimes at home telegrams are sent to rush harvest hands into Kansas or the Dakotas, for the harvest is wasting. But here a more precious harvest is wasting and we ought to rush the harvesters in. It is easy to see that the missionaries are working with their might,

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one sometimes doing the work of two or three, and hurrying like we do in the harvest time. I find it as a missionary once wrote me, "When we go out into the villages we can only reach a few of the many; it is like saving a few in the lifeboat and leaving the rest in the waves; it is like rescuing a few from a burning building and leaving the rest in the flames." O, hurry!

Everywhere I found our missionaries cheerful and hopeful. They believe in their mission and are sure they will win. They never think of giving up. If they come home they want to hurry back.

What is the charm of the missionary life? It is not in the climate; we have better at home. It is not in their missionary homes; we have better at home. It is not in the food they eat; we have better at home. It is not in the easy work, for they work harder than we. It is not in the care-free life, for their burdens are heavy and their perplexities many. Maybe the charm is in that "foreign mail" which cheers them so much every week. We ought

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to send it faithfully. Maybe it is that nearness to the throne which they cherish when far from home. The charm is in the work itself, in the joys of soul winning, in rejoicing with angels over the penitent; in the vision of a redeemed India ready to be presented to God.

It is easy to see that the native Christians love and trust the missionaries. They look to them for counsel and comfort somewhat as children look to parents. It is almost pathetic to see old men and women trusting so implicitly the young missionaries. The converts are sometimes very trying and disappointing, but the loving confidence of most of them is sweet.

I find, too, that the native Christians know very much about us, their friends in the home church, and that they have a real affection for us. They are much better posted about America than many of the English in India are. An English soldier who said he was a graduate of the home schools, asked me if the United States is in America. Many in India

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confuse Africa and America. But our native Christians know something of the United States and say, "Give my salaam to your people." "Write my salaam to your people at home."

Of the problem of English rule and India's aspirations for self-rule I will let those who understand it write.

But a wayfarer can see some things. India is England's servant. These simple people seem to yield cheerful service and tribute, but how they endure the brainless impudence of some of these English officials is beyond understanding. Such Englishmen would get the larger part of their being, their vanity, knocked out of them in three minutes in America. I'm glad yet we licked the British at Bunker Hill and all along the line.

India is better ruled than ever before, and much better than they could rule themselves yet; but this English domination is needlessly expensive and oppressive, and English life here is wickedly extravagant and haughty.

Although I saw India in the gladness of

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harvest time, the plague was raging. The first day we were at Zafarwal four died in the village, and over five thousand deaths a day in India were reported that week from the plague.

One day Mr. Nesbitt had a heathen give me an exhibition of his plowing. He could not get his oxen started without much swearing and turning to apologize, explained that he was only a farmer and should be expected to swear. We have such heathen farmers at home who swear as they plow.

One morning we visited a village school and the teacher brought the pupils, seventeen boys and a girl, out of the little coop of a school house and had them sit down on the ground in the sunshine. They studied out loud like our grandparents did a hundred years ago. Then different ones arose and gave an exhibition of their reading. They had a writing lesson on little boards which they used for slates.

One evening I was at a reception given by the native Christians to an American visitor.

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The old people and the children came, some babies, some people over ninety. They sang Psalms heartily, and prayed, and recited poems, and asked the American for a speech and replied to it most courteously, and then distributed more sweet things to eat than we have at an American reception.

At Jhelum I saw the native minister preaching in a bazaar. An hour is spent in singing and preaching, and a good crowd quickly gathers and much good seed is sown. We don't do enough week day and wayside preaching at home.

In Sialkot I attended two prayer meetings—real prayer meetings—not debating clubs nor literary societies like we sometimes have in the prayer meeting room at home. In these missionary prayer meetings they seem to have so many definite needs and requests, and pressing troubles and sorrows, and causes for thanksgiving, and then kneeling before God they press these claims in many earnest prayers. Our missionaries and I think our native Christians are much more

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given to earnest prayer than our ministers and people at home. They seem to need more help in the midst of their burdens and sorrows.

In every missionary's home I found delightful family worship both morning and evening. And not only praying, but praising. The whole household gathered. A Psalm was sung heartily. A chapter read, verse about, around the circle, old and young reading. Then earnest prayer. In the houses of the native Christians, too, I heard the song in family worship. How I wish more of our people, and ministers' families, would sing in family worship at home! So many families cultured in music give none of the glory of it to God in family worship. We are not doing right by our songs. We are not doing right by the Lord. We would have more of the joy of salvation in our homes if we sung more of these glad songs in family worship.

Two Sabbath days in our mission; one at Zafarwal, one at Lyalpur; fine little congregations; young and old attentive and reverent

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and loud and joyous in their singing. In one church I had the privilege of speaking through an interpreter, in the other I spoke "in my own tongue, wherein I was born."

One would think that these missionaries would grow old quickly. But Dr. Martin at 75 swings the great work like a youth. And I met three of our fine old ladies who are over 180 years old and have together seen over 100 years of missionary service, and are very spry yet.

How our India mission is growing. Founded 55 years ago by three missionaries, now we have 90 missionaries and hundreds of native helpers. It was a long time before the mission had any converts, now we have in the mission 22,000 members of our United Presbyterian Church, and many self-supporting congregations. In three years our membership has doubled, and the future is bright with promise. As bread satisfies hunger and water quenches thirst the Gospel meets the need of India.

We ought to take new courage and rush

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new forces of missionaries into these promising fields. So many of our people are looking for investments in California and Canada—but India is better. I believe India missions are a better investment than American lands. “I hae tried baith.” And bright young people looking for a “mission,” turn your eyes to our foreign missions. You will find hard, glorious work and a crown at the end.

I’ll not remember India as the land of thirst and famine and plague, but as the land of happy harvest fields and fruitful mission fields. Good-bye to the “Taj Mahal” and the “Towers of Silence”! No, I’ll not leave my greetings to these things which savor of death, I’ll leave them with the wheatfields and missionfields, for I shall find some of their gladness and fruitage in Heaven.

As I landed in India the Calcutta Sabbath evening church bells were ringing. As I sailed from India the Bombay Sabbath morning church bells were ringing. As I came to the ship in the Bowen M. E. Memorial church

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they were singing the "Old, old story," as the Methodists used to sing it in "protracted meetings" in Iowa in the early days. The "old, old story" will yet win the dominion in India.

Red Sea, May 10, 1910.

A MEMORIAL OF THEM



“Where sleep our dead”

XV

A Memorial of Them

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”

“Out of the pain of night-watching removed
Into the sleep that God gives His beloved,
Into the dawn of a glad resurrection,
Into the house of unbroken affection.”

In the corner of the mission-yard at Sialkot is a little cemetery where rest the bodies of many of those who have died in our India mission. It is a pretty spot enclosed by a stone wall and within this the graves of the missionaries and their children are surrounded by a metal railing. Friendly trees and everblooming flowers make it a cheerful place. This sacred spot is dear to many

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friends and to the Church and to God. Some of the precious names I read are:

Rev. D. S. Lytle.

Susie A. Young.

Rev. Robert Reed McClure.

Alice, daughter of Robert and Alice McClure.

Joie L. Fortney, wife of Rev. E. L. Porter, and their little baby boy.

Infant daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Porter.

Mary, wife of Rev. J. S. Barr, D. D.

John Glencarne, son of Rev. and Mrs. T. E. Holliday.

Paul Nelson, son of Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson.

Gerald Howard, son of Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson.

Lydia Lucretia, wife of Rev. Samuel Martin.

To some circle of friends each of these graves is specially dear. The stone of memorial at which I lingered had on it these words:

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SUSIE A.,

Daughter of

JAMES AND JESSIE YOUNG.

Born in Tama County, Iowa, U. S. A.,

October 21, 1868;

Died in Sialkot, India,

January 15, 1908.

“She rests from her labors
and her works do follow her.”

The first day I preached at “Amity,” then in a little schoolhouse, I met Susie Young. She was nine years old. When she was twelve I received her into the church. She was a great friend and counsellor at Amity Parsonage. Soon she went away to college and became a teacher. At twenty-two she went out to our India mission. After seventeen earnest years she was called to rest.

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She was a winning missionary and a winning intercessor at the Throne. By such precious lives and precious deaths India will be won to Christ.

For thirty years she called me her pastor, although most of the time I was her pastor by correspondence. During her first term her eyes failed and she had to come home on a furlough, and for a time feared she could never return to the mission-field. But she never gave up and one day she handed me this little poem, which had in it a prophecy:

“I asked for strength, for with the noon-tide heat
I fainted, while the reapers, singing sweet,
 Went forward with the ripened sheaves I could not bear.
Then came the Master, with his blood-stained feet,
 And lifted me with sympathetic care;
Then on His arm I leaned till all was done,
And I stood with the rest at set of sun,
 My task complete.”

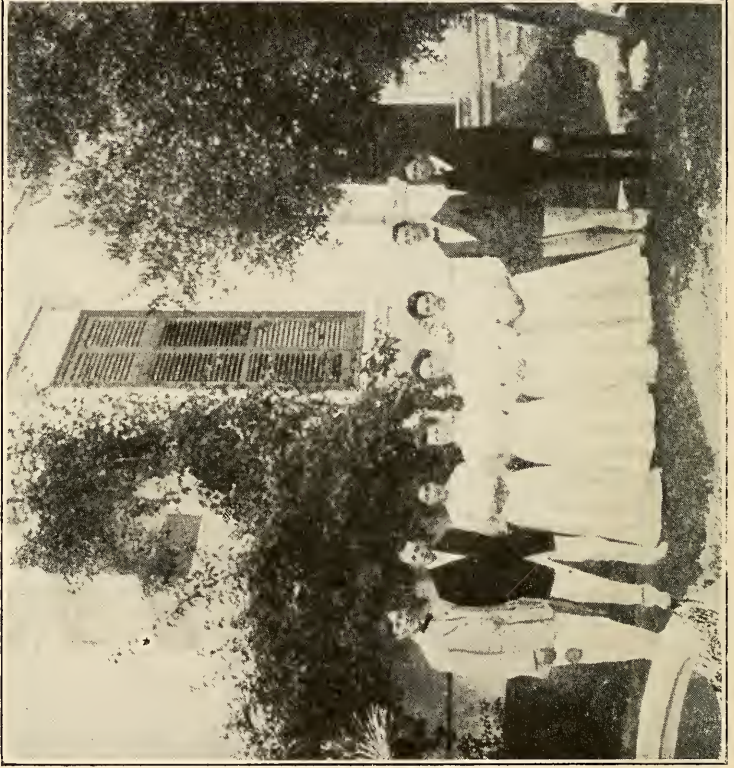
“And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my

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sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive a hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

Sialkot, India, April 14, 1910.

INDIA TO EGYPT



Some American warblers in Egypt

XVI

India to Egypt

Three thousand miles, through the Arabian and Red Seas, from Bombay to Suez. To Africa we took the steamer "Africa," a small, pretty boat. Friends had promised me a hot time on the Red Sea, but there was a cool breeze and delightful nights. In Singapore and Rangoon, where it was to be scorching, I found pleasant weather. In the Punjab, by a pleasant providence, I found spring showers and real April weather. Only in Calcutta, and only for an hour, I found a temperature of a hundred.

On the "Africa" we found superior food, but it was hard to get at, for the waiters could not understand the passengers and no one

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could read the menu card or give the interpretation thereof. Then there was more drinking than eating, more bottles than plates on the table. The guzzling of beer and the gulping of wine were terrific. Some of the company was bad. On the Pacific and on the China seas I had seen some vain creatures, but these royal English, on their way home from India, in the balance laid are lighter than vanity. They are a good example of low-down high society. Both men and women spent the time chiefly in smoking, drinking and gambling with bottles and boodle before them. The more the women could act like bad men the happier they seemed to be. Their empty chatter would encourage a monkey. In the evening they showed themselves. Innocent as in Eden, "And they were naked and were not ashamed!" The men's full dress consisted, distinctively, in a flaming shirtfront, a red rose and a red nose. The English representatives in heathen lands complicate the missionary problem. Of course they were but a part

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of the company. On every ship we may find modest, beautiful people, God's own children with light on their faces.

At Suez we see stretches of sand and a canal and a palm tree. We know we are in Egypt, for we see its ready representatives, the donkey and the camel.

The dragomen know us from afar and give us a wild welcome. Doubtless they are the most insistent and insolent beggars on the earth, unless it be their twin brothers, the boatmen at Jaffa. When they meet us they tell us that our countenance is blessed and that we must be fresh arrivals from heaven, and when they leave us they tell us to hide our faces and hurry off to a land that is hotter than Egypt. With heart-breaking entreaty they lay hold of our luggage and ask to carry it for nothing, then charge three prices and ask extra gifts. The best way to put them to shame is to turn beggar and get there first by asking for everything they have, or to give them a dummy piece of discarded baggage

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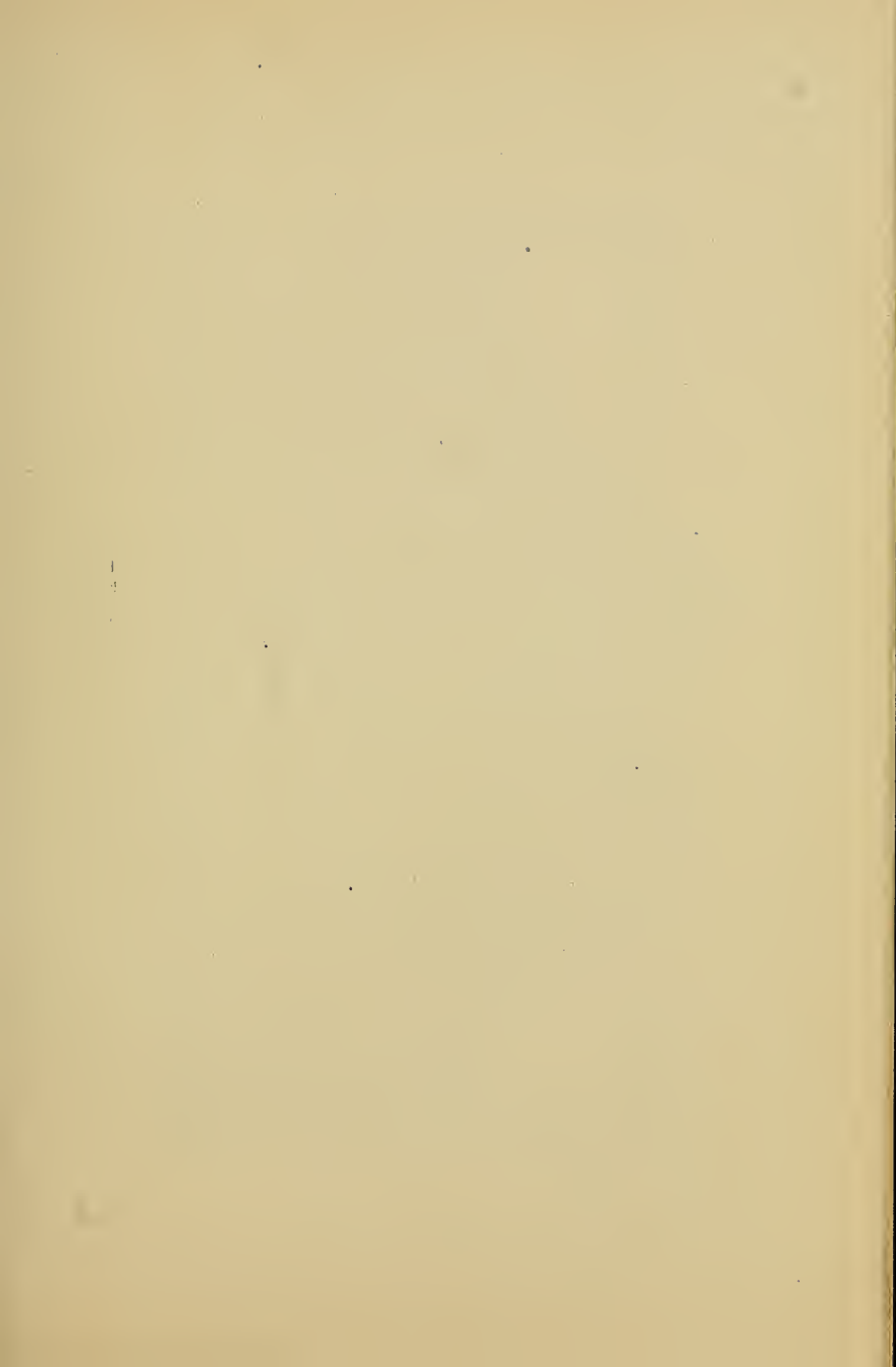
and ask them to carry it to a hotel two miles away where you never intend to go.

We take the evening train to Cairo. The new moon glances in at the window. We have come to the Dark Continent and find a land of light. The sun shines all day, the new moon lights the evening, myriads of stars gleam at midnight and the comet lights up the early morning. As we go we think of three names memorable in Egypt: the Child Jesus, who for a time found refuge here from the wrath of Herod; the child Joseph, the slave, who rose up to feed the multitudes, and the child Moses, who rose up to be the great emancipator. God had a gracious purpose in this childhood visit of His Son into Egypt. At Cairo I found welcome entertainment for three days and nights in the gracious home of Dr. and Mrs. Watson, where a few weeks before Colonel Roosevelt had found such delightful hospitality. I met in that home many pleasant friends I had never seen before. Mr. Coventry, who met me at the midnight train, I found to be a near cousin. Miss Dysart,

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who took me to the Girls' College in the morning, is a daughter of Rev. T. P. Dysart, my boyhood pastor. Miss Roxy Martin is a daughter of Rev. J. K. Martin, whose name is on my licensure certificate. Rev. W. L. McClenahan, who took me to the pyramids in the afternoon, is a near relation, for our grandparents were near neighbors in eastern Ohio and called on each other in the evening and stayed until bed time. Then others who were acquaintances in America are dear friends in Egypt. "We were nodding acquaintances, but when I bumped on him seven thousand miles from home, I fell on his neck and called him brother."

CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS





Sphinx and pyramids—Egypt

XVII

Climbing the Pyramids

Climbing the pyramids is work. As I climbed up I broke off both back suspender buttons; as I jumped down I bursted both of my shoes. The pyramids are higher and steeper than they look in the picture. On your square thirteen-acre field, some fine morning, build a pyramid a little steeper than half pitch and you will have one like this biggest one. The steps up it are irregular, varying from four inches to four feet. If you lost your foothold and bumped down over the stones three or four hundred feet you might get hurt. Yes, two Arab guides will help you climb, but they are a doubtful help, as they expect you to lift them about half

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time. They are not youthful lads; my youngest guide was older than I and the oldest one looked about as old as the pyramids. The best that can be said for the pyramids is that they are somebody's graveyards and grave-stones and never were a good investment.

Then I visited one of the two hundred and sixty-four mosques, the biggest one. Some marble floors partly covered with ancient rugs; some dingy walls once frescoed, and some lowly suppliants. These mosques may have been worth looking at once, but now they are neglected and greasy, and, like the pyramids, are filled with dead things. More interesting than temples and tombs is the living rush on the streets. "The Streets of Cairo" are more realistic than those we saw at the Chicago Exposition. The bazaars are bulging over with a thousand treasures and trifles. "A bazaar is a crazy corner gone wrong covered with a canopy of tattered rag carpets, filled with the imitation merchandise of a five and ten-cent store, a choking dust, twenty or thirty ripe odors, and a hundred

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and fifty coffee-colored lunatics talking at the same time." The streets are full of people, old and young, rich and poor, wise and foolish, and most of them are talking or singing or crying. Then the animals crowd in, the horses and camels and donkeys and dogs and goats. And it is interesting to watch. Better than to watch the streets is to go into the homes of our missionaries and commune with them about the things of the Kingdom, or to turn into a quiet nook and read the church papers or the Herald, which I had not seen for weeks. I never knew how good our home papers are until I read them in a strange land.

Or, it is better to go into our excellent mission schools and see and hear the bright boys and girls who will wake up Egypt one of these bright days. And what is better than to go into Miss Smith's orphanage and see that gracious work among the little ones which the Saviour Himself loves to watch? Or, for real enjoyment, go into the Thursday evening prayer meeting, in Dr. Harvey's old

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home, and sing glad songs and bow with friends who get very near to God. One day with missionary friends is better than a thousand with the dragomen.

Did I visit the great Cairo Museum? Certainly, I walked along its ghostly halls and looked upon those ghastly remains. Some precious and pretty things, but everything is old and dead; dead people, dead cows, dead cats, "long time dead." Papyri, Sarcophagi, cynocephali, bacilli and ennui are the chief exhibits. There are a few hundred coffins and mummies, mummies of men and beasts and birds. Everything is so old it strains the imagination and conscience trying to think back to it. The catalogue works the word "funerary" hard to describe this museum.

The mediums do not have to ring up the departed, for they are right there, and you can talk to them face to face. There were some old-timers there, faces that I didn't recognize at all.

Even old Pharaoh is there, the one who tried to bluff Moses, they say, and he doesn't look

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any older than the rest. I wanted to ask him some questions, but he wasn't communicative, hasn't gotten over his miff yet.

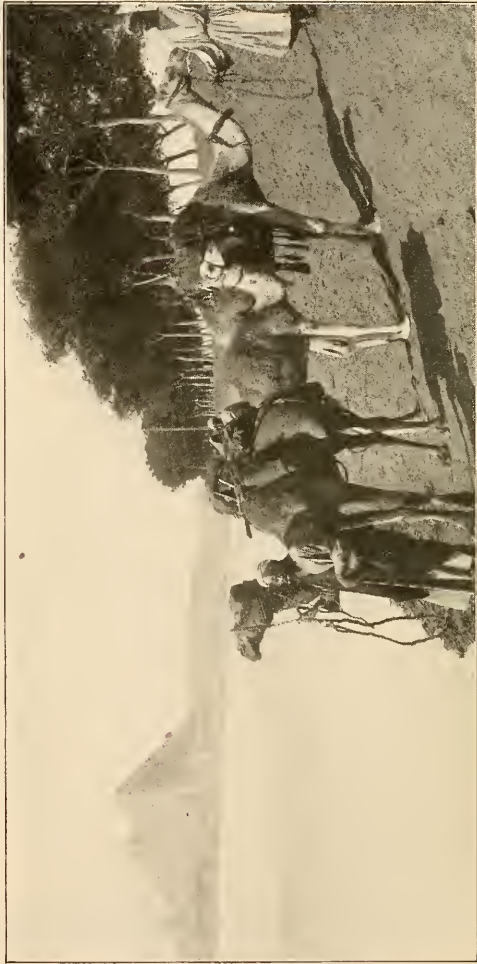
Some people find great messages in this charnel-house, but if the dead do not speak any more truly than the living in Egypt there is little truth in the message. Egyptology has no charm for me. It is too ghoulish and fakish. I would rather see something living and young and sweet and fruitful and hopeful.

I would rather get up early and go to the county fair and see the living creatures with the red and blue premium ribbons, and the large pumpkins and biggest red apples, and the red balloons, and hear the brass band and get my dinner at the dining tent run by the ladies of the Second Colored Baptist church.

But I don't want to go to the fair this morning, I want to rush up to Assiut and see my baby-boy whom I haven't seen for three years. "Happy is the man that seeth the face of his son in a far country."

Assiut, Egypt, May 14, 1910.

ALONG THE NILE



On the banks of the Nile—Pyramids in the distance

XVIII

Along the Nile

“In all the land of Egypt there was bread.” The wheat crop is good along the Nile. It is harvested by the sickle, as in India. In Egypt I have not seen a reaping machine nor threshing machine. But food is plentiful and the chief baker now, as in Joseph’s day, has three wicker baskets, filled with cakes and sweetmeats, on his head and now, as then, the birds try to steal their share. Speaking of birds, some authorities say there are fleas in Egypt. I have not seen any wild animals in Africa only dogs and cats, but they say that in Eastern Africa there is big game, and that an American gentleman and his son have recently

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been killing these great animals off at a lively rate.

But everywhere the most interesting thing is the people. Yet, these people are a sorry-looking lot. Some of the little children are bright and pretty, but most of them have little of the charm of childhood, for in babyhood their little innocent eyes are ruined by the abuse and contempt put on them by superstitious mothers. The women are not comely, for they dress in black and hide their faces. The men are more attractive, for they wear more cheerful colors and have faces. How blank and meaningless the human form when the face is hidden! The face is the representative of the person, the revelation of the character, and when it is hidden the personality is hidden. It is a crime to hide the face from which God would have the light and loveliness of life shine forth. Little wonder that women are little honored in a land where they hide the face that might reflect any beauty of their souls.

If our Christian women at home, who on

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the funeral day robe themselves in black and hide their faces with heavy veils, knew how much they look like these poor heathen women they would be discouraged. If our friends die a hopeless death we might put on black; but if our beloved dead and we are the children of the resurrection we ought to put on something cheerful. "They shall walk with me in white for they are worthy."

The glory of our Egyptian mission is its excellent Christian schools. Our missionaries have found that the best way to reach these people and win them and train them is through Gospel schools.

At the head of our educational institutions in Egypt stands Assiut College, with Professor R. S. McClenahan its present head. Indeed, among all our United Presbyterian colleges Assiut stands at the head in number of students, in the beauty of its buildings, and in the value of its grounds. It has more students than Cooper and Tarkio together, than Monmouth and Westminster combined, and even more than Muskingum itself. It has

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strong Christian character and interest. This year thirty-five students confessed Christ as Saviour. Forty-three volunteered for mission work and many of them go out each Sabbath to help in the villages. A goodly number of the graduates will enter seminary in the fall. During the year the Sabbath offerings of the college for missions were \$800. The exercises of the graduating class had a grace and finish that would honor any of our institutions. As I saw from what to what these young men had arisen I recalled a baccalaureate sermon by the elder President McMichael on the text, "Though ye have lain among pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

John R. Mott wrote, "After visiting nearly all the missionary colleges I have no hesitancy in saying that Assiut College is one of the most strategic, most efficient and most fruitful colleges in the world. I know of no college that has yielded larger practical results for the money." The governor of Assiut

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province wrote, "Through the influence of Assiut College thousands of young men have been trained into chaste and noble character." Beautiful words have been spoken of it by Lord Cromer, Helen Gould and Mr. Bryan. And if Mr. Roosevelt had passed through Assiut in day time he would have been "delighted" with Assiut College. Tuskegee Institute was started in a chicken house and Assiut College was started in a donkey stable. The world's Saviour was born in a stable and cradled in a manger.

Of the other 184 schools in our mission just as beautiful things could be said. Every one of them is a power for good. If you want to see something that will make you glad and proud of our mission, visit Miss Kyle's school for girls in Cairo. Early one morning I looked in upon it and it was beautiful as a vision. Our church should glory in the work our mission schools are doing. They are training boys and girls who will win Egypt for Christ. It is an inspiration to look in on them and see the power and grace of Gospel

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education. There is Christian cheerfulness in these schools. You would enjoy hearing the little cherubs in the Alexandria Kindergarten school sing "Deedle, Deedle Dumpty; My Son John," and the little ones at Assiut singing "I Like Little Pussy," or the older ones singing "I Love the Name of 'P. M. I.'" By the way, some of the young men teachers in Assiut College seem to have learned that same song.

You would enjoy hearing them recite the Catechism and Bible verses. I don't know any other children who can do it so well, unless it be the Juniors at Tarkio.

Seventeen young people from Monmouth College are doing good work in Egypt. Mr. Owen and Mr. Elder are live teachers in Assiut College and give an example of strong, cheerful manhood. Miss Elsie French is doing honor work in study and teaching and getting all "A's," as in Monmouth. Misses Stella Kyle and Jeanette Tinker are doing fine work and backing it up with beautiful lives. The Hickmans are fine missionaries and lead-

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ers in their work. Mr. Bell is lonesome because his wife and baby have gone home. Mr. Hoyman did master-work in the construction of the buildings and now is teaching. Neil McClanahan is a dignified and able theological professor and Mrs. McClanahan can sing as well as Jennie Smith could in Monmouth. And she cannot only sing, but is a winning missionary.

All the missionaries give visitors such a gracious welcome! In three homes in Assiut they were friendly enough to invite me to "supper" instead of "dinner" in the evening.

In Cairo there was much excitement during the trial of Wardani, the assassin of the Premier. The defense urged that the assassin was insane and his victim died not from his wounds but from the maltreatment of them. But Wardani goes to the gallows.

The medical work in Egypt is a blessed Gospel work. Those in charge are not only skillful physicians but earnest Gospel missionaries. The work they do is marvelous. The number of patients treated last year was

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over forty thousand. Nothing greater has been done since the days of the Saviour, and there is no work more like His. In the Assiut hospital it was a joy to see little children nursed back into life. One of the saddest sights there was a fierce-looking woman ashamed of her baby because it belonged to the same sex she did. One of the gladdest was an old man, happy in his afflictions as he read the ninety-first Psalm.

The two greatest things in Egypt are not the pyramids and the Nile, but Sister Dorcas' hospital at Assiut and Miss Smith's orphanage at Cairo.

The work among the women is encouraging. Three thousand women are taught the Gospel in their homes. Four thousand women, 40 per cent of our entire membership, come to the Christian schools.

The natives are eager to get Bibles and Gospel books. Nearly sixty thousand volumes of the Scriptures were sold in Egypt last year. Did our Church at home buy more?

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Over sixteen thousand Gospel books were sold.

The results of our mission work are encouraging. We have in Egypt a United Presbyterian church of over ten thousand members and nearly all our congregations are self-supporting. Twice the number of the membership attends church, while most of our home churches have smaller attendance than membership. The number in Sabbath school is larger than the church membership, while ours is smaller. Many more, in proportion, than at home are led to confess the Saviour, and more of the converts become soul winners.

Our mission is getting a good hold on the Mohammedans. Thousands of Moslem boys and girls are in our schools and getting Bible lessons. Hundreds of Moslem women are getting Gospel teaching from our women. Many Moslem men are inquiring about Christ the Saviour.

Our friends at Alexandria have entered into their new building. Some one ought to

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM



My home in Jerusalem.

XIX

Round About Jerusalem

Jerusalem is the city we all long to visit, for here our Saviour lived and died for us. Here are elements of sacred interest, historical and typological, which no other city on earth can ever have. Here we may find, in a village near by, the place of our Saviour's birth; here, on the temple site, the scene of His presentation, His boyhood visit and much of His ministry, and here the place of His sorrow, death, burial, resurrection and ascension.

It is a privilege to be near the scenes of His earthly life. We cherish as precious the places where our loved ones have lived. But it is a mistake to suppose we can get nearer

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to Jesus here than with our Bible and prayer and faithful service at home.

From Egypt to the Promised Land in less than forty hours, while I understood it took some of the pioneers forty years to make the journey. From Cairo to Jerusalem in twenty-five hours, and soon the journey will be made in half that time. From Jaffa to Jerusalem as we saw the harvest fields and terraced gardens and vineyards and olive orchards we thought we were in Palestine. As we saw the shepherd leading his flock and mossy wild flowers by the roadside, and the mountains with color of gray and brown and green, and people clothed like they were in the long ago, we knew we were in the Holy Land and marching on to Zion, the beautiful city of God.

It is the Holy Land, for here the Holy Book was given, and here the Holy One, for us, lived and died and rose again.

It was evening time when, weary and dusty, we walked into Jerusalem and wondered where we might find an abiding place. We were glad when a door was opened and we

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were welcomed in through a court filled with flowers into a home where there was a table spread and a room of rest was ready. We were cheered by the pleasant voices of men and women and the prattle of children and the cooing of a babe. We found a large family indeed. Abraham and Moses and Samuel and David and Peter and John were there, and we found in that household seven women who bore the beautiful name of Mary. There were one hundred and twenty men, women and children in that home, who seemed to keep step to the music of the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm.

In that home there did not seem to be anything to hurt nor destroy; no angry words, no odor of tobacco, no fumes of strong drink. Delectable food was on the table and all the rooms were sweetly clean. A blessing was asked at the table, and the one hundred and twenty disciples gathered in a large upper room, where, with song and the reading of the Word and prayer, they united in family worship. This home gives a welcome to the

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stranger and there we meet with friends from many parts of the world.

Our first walk, round about Jerusalem, was to Bethany, for in walking through the garden beyond the Kedron, and over Mount Olivet and through the village of Bethany, we feel that more surely than in other places we are walking in the earthly footsteps of our Redeemer.

Just across the brook Kedron from the eastern gate there is a garden enclosed which must be very near the garden that was called Gethsemane, where our Saviour carried our sorrows. On over Olivet is a steep path up and down which, late in the evening or early in the morning, Jesus walked to and from his ministry in Jerusalem. For it is not written that Jesus ever spent a night in that city until that night when He was dragged up there before the judgment-seat. When the evening came and the disciples went to their own homes Jesus went out to the Mount of Olives to spend the night in prayer or to the quiet village of Bethany, where awaited Him

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restful welcome from the three friends He loved.

Bethany, where was a home honored above all others by the frequent visits of the Son of God, a home where the Saviour and His disciples found welcome and rest and entertainment. Bethany, where the sisters spread a thanksgiving feast to Him who raised their brother from the dead, and brought out the precious ointment. Bethany, from which, when His earthly visit was finished, our Lord rose into the heavens with His hands stretched out in blessing upon the world He came to redeem.

Our first ride was out to Bethlehem, five miles south and one west of Jerusalem. On the way we pass Rachel's tomb. The gardens and fields are well tilled. Vineyards and orchards cover the hillsides. The olive trees are in bloom. The shepherds watch their flocks by the wayside. Wild flowers fill in all the nooks. West of Bethlehem the hills are covered with olive trees that look more like a forest than anything we have seen in Pales-

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tine. In general, this country looks bare and treeless, for what trees are here are not tall and towering like ours. The Holy Land is under the blight of the unholy Turk. The land does as well as might be expected from a shiftless people under torment rule.

In Bethlehem we walked through the Church of the Nativity and down under it into the Grotto of the Nativity. It has a marble floor and the walls are hung with draperies, and it is poorly lighted by thirty little lamps and the candle that you carry in your hand. There is a silver star in the floor to mark the place where the Child was born, and a marble manger near by to represent the cradle in which He was laid. Pilgrims were kneeling and kissing the star and the cradle. The most that can be said for the spot is that the Khan of Bethlehem must have been near there. Near the Bethlehem gate we visited a well that may have been the one of which David said, "O, that one would give me drink of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate."

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In Jerusalem we visited the temple area and near the site of Solomon's temple saw the Mosque of Omar and the Mosque of El Aksa. The Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock, stands next to Mecca as a Moham-medan shrine. It is a magnificent, costly building, whose only natural use is to shelter that great limestone rock which was once the threshing floor of Araunah, and which would really enjoy itself better out in the weather with other big rocks.

We visited Gordon's Calvary and think it is a clever effort to find a spot which the Lord intends to keep hidden. In the Garden Tomb we find a good illustration of a royal tomb in our Saviour's day.

Yes, we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but did not hear any angel say, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Persons with strong faith in such things can here find not only the sepulchre in which the Saviour lay, but the hole in which His cross stood, and the slab on which His body was laid for anointing and the cleft in the rock

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made by the earthquake, and the grave of Adam.

Pilgrims are bowing to kiss these things, and here we find the religion of prostrations and osculations at its worst, unsanitary and unsanctified. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is manifestly a show place, distinctly artificial, and arranged with department store precision and convenience. The true Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the little white church in the country near the cemetery where the bodies of believers being still united to Christ do rest in their graves until the resurrection.

The last evening we were in Jerusalem we took a walk round the city outside the walls. The walls are a wonder yet; "their stones have tongues, their towers are eloquent." The Golden Gate on the east side has long been closed by great stones, for the Moslems have a presentiment that some day the Christians will enter by that gate. The great stones that block it might stand thirty seconds in a modern siege. But some day the

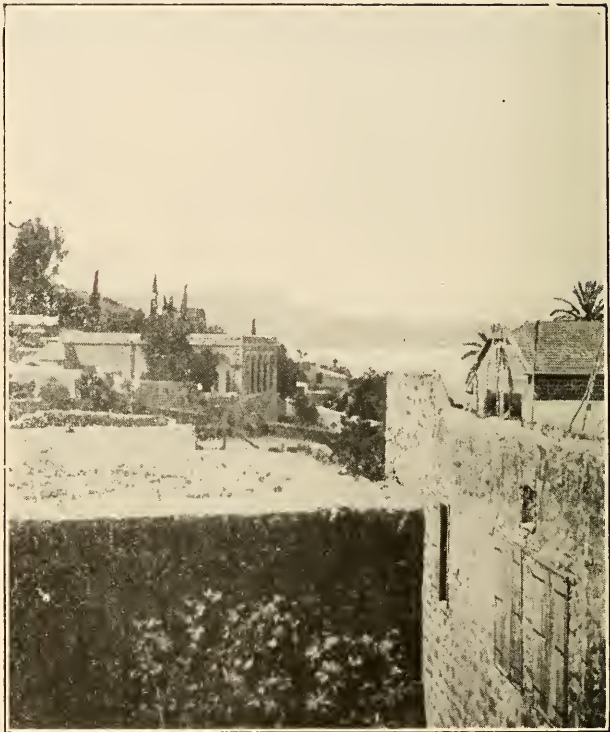
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Christians will enter. Maybe not by that golden gate, but by the golden gate of commerce and good-will, and surely by the golden gate of the Gospel.

We enjoyed that evening walk about Zion, and of the God of Zion said, "This God is our God forever and ever."

Alexandria, June 7, 1910.

GALILEE, SWEET GALILEE



The Sea of Galilee from my window.

XX

Galilee, Sweet Galilee

From Jerusalem to Nazareth, along the carriage road by way of Haifa on the sea, is one hundred and thirty miles. Jacob told us that Moses would be a good man to take us, and he did whirl us along at a lively rate over the hill country of Judea. Moses aspired to come to New York next fall.

North of Jerusalem nine miles we have our parting view of the city and of Olivet. Up the way we pass Bethel and go on through the valley of Shiloh. In the evening we came to a city of Samaria that is called Sychar. Now Jacob's well is there. The shrines about the well and in all the valley of Shechem round about indicate that the people have

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long ago forgotten the words which Jesus spoke as He sat on the well, "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Turning to the west we pass between Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim, from which were spoken the words of cursing and of blessing. "The view from these mountain-tops sweeps over all Palestine, from snowy Hermon to the mountains round about Jerusalem, from Carmel to Nebo, from the sapphire expanse of the Mediterranean to the violet valley of the Jordan." Between these mountains lies the city of Nablous, successor of Sychem, the first city mentioned in the Bible. "It has twenty-five thousand people, a Turkish governor, a garrison, several soap factories and a million dogs which howl all night."

The next day we drove through the Plain of Sharon, and found it the most fruitful place we had yet seen in Palestine. The harvest was ripe and the reapers were in the fields at five o'clock in the morning. Men,

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women and children all help in the harvest field and they work in bands of sometimes fifty people.

They still reap with sickles all over Palestine, but in this Plain of Sharon we saw a few reaping machines, drawn with oxen; the old McCormick self-rake like our fathers used. We saw a good many cradles in the fields, not grain cradles, but baby cradles, for they take the babies to the field and put them to sleep in the cradles. The harvesters looked as though they would swelter. They had their heads bound up as though they all had the toothache. In Palestine the people wear plenty of clothing. In China and India they wear too little clothing, but in Egypt and Palestine they wear too much. In Palestine especially, men and women, at work or at rest, load themselves down with winter clothing in summer. In the sunshine of May, with the thermometer at ninety, they wear overcoats and cloaks and bundle their necks with a shawl as if they were out in a snow-storm. One hot morning I saw an old bare-

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footed gentleman wearing four overcoats, two of them lined with sheepskin and the other two heavy with tassels and tinsel and over them all a shawl.

At Haifa we found that Mount Carmel reaches up snug against the Mediterranean sea. From the summit we had a view of the Bay of Acre, of Tyre and Sidon, and the mountain ranges of Phoenicia and Galilee to Lebanon and Mount Hermon. We ate our picnic dinner on the mountain top, under a tree, as Elijah may have done some time, and in the evening climbed down the steep side of the mountain. We waited all that day at Haifa while Moses kept his Jewish Sabbath, and in the interval between his Sabbath and ours drove thirty miles to Nazareth.

We spent the Sabbath in Nazareth. In the morning we followed the Saviour's "custom" of going to church, although the only church open to us was of a strange speech and a strange worship. In the afternoon we found a better sanctuary in our room. In the evening we took a walk to the heights above the

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city, among the cypress and olive trees along a path over which I think the boy Jesus must have walked, for he spent his boyhood years within a few minutes' walk of this hill.

From this hill is one of the finest views of the Holy Land. To the north the boy Jesus could have seen the ranges of Lebanon to snow-crowned Hermon, and to the east Mount Tabor and the valley of the Jordan. In the south the coming Prince of Peace could overlook the Plain of Esdraelon, Battlefield of the Nations, and in the west, under the setting sun, could see the glittering waters of the Mediterranean. The childhood of Jesus was not spent in a secluded spot.

Nazareth has over ten thousand people. We saw some neat houses and some cheerful people and were interested in seeing so many bright babies in their mothers' arms.

In Nazareth there are the schools of the English Missionary Society and the hospital of the British Medical Mission, so the good work of teaching and healing is still going on.

After Jesus had begun His ministry over

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in the vicinity of the Jordan He returned to Nazareth and one Sabbath day began to preach to His neighbors about comfort for the broken-hearted and deliverance for the captives and sight for the blind, but they would not hear His gracious words and rose up and thrust Him out of their city and tried to cast Him headlong from the brow of the hill on which their city was built. But Jesus passed through their midst and went over to the lake of Galilee to preach, and, as far as I can learn, never returned to Nazareth again.

Monday morning, by walking and riding horseback and on the train, we reached the Sea of Galilee before noon. We crossed the River Jordan several times. It is only a creek, with few trees and many wild flowers. We took the boat to Tiberias and enjoyed a sail on the waters where Jesus had often sailed with His disciples. In the afternoon we took a walk to the northwest corner of the lake and went in bathing. In the evening we sat on the veranda of the Franciscan Hospice and thought of how much of the ministry of

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Jesus had been done in the vicinity of this lake.

Walking by the sea one day Jesus found Peter and his brother Andrew fishing, and said to them, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And a little further on He found James and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets, and He called them to be His disciples. On a boat in the edge of this lake He preached more than one sermon to the people on the shore. On a mountain near by He preached His great sermon of blessings. On the mountains near by He sometimes spent the whole night in prayer.

One night, when a great storm was on the sea, He was asleep on a pillow, and the disciples woke Him up, for they were afraid, and He stilled the tempest with His word of peace.

On the shores of this sea Jesus one day spread a wondrous feast and fed multitudes and said, "I am the Bread of Life, he that

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cometh to me shall never hunger and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Near the sea Jesus saw a great company of heavy-laden ones and said, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

And Jesus loved this sea so much that after He was risen from the dead He came back to it and spread a farewell breakfast for His disciples.

"Farewell, dear lake of Jesus! Our eyes may never rest on thee again, but surely they will not forget thee. And may our hearts never lose the comradeship of Him who made thee holiest among all the waters of the world!"

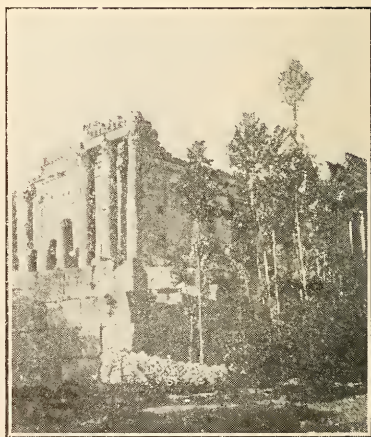
Florence, Italy, June 15, 1910.

THE LAND OF HERMON





In Damascus.



At Baalbek.

XXI

The Land of Hermon

From the Lake of Galilee to Damascus the railroad runs much of the way along the Yarmuk river. Along this river we saw a forest of oleanders, many of the bushes twenty feet high with thousands of flowers on each bush. At Rawal Pindi we saw eleven miles of roses, but here are thirty-three miles of oleanders, varying from few rods to a quarter of a mile in width. If I had all the wild flowers I saw that day I think I could give a bouquet to every man, woman and child on earth and have enough left over to do it again tomorrow.

Damascus is on an oasis. The Damascenes claim that the plain of Damascus is as fruit-

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ful and well-wooded as any area of its size in the world. The Abana and Pharpar rivers bring them this great blessing and that is why they love these rivers and ask, "Are not Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus better than all the rivers of Israel?"

Damascus is a wonderful city. Its people say that it is the oldest city in the world and call it the "Immortal City," and the "Pearl Set in Emeralds." It is pearl shaped and its color is pearly gray and its myriads of green trees give it the emerald setting. The city is now on a boom and claims, including its suburbs, a population of half a million.

The bazaars of Damascus are the most famous in the East, vegetable bazaars, fruit bazaars, meat bazaars, cotton bazaars, silk bazaars, old-clothes bazaars. Some of these are large and splendid, and some of them small and filthy.

The greatest building in Damascus is the Mosque of Omeiyades, successor to the "House of Rimmon." Everybody visits the "Street which is called Straight." It is

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fairly straight, but probably only one-third as wide as in Paul's day. Remnants of arches indicate that the old-time street must have been a famous one, the Broadway of the city. Those who have faith enough can turn aside and see the "House of Ananias," now a Latin chapel.

But the glory of Damascus is the river Abana, which flows through it. It is only two or three rods wide, but swift and clear and cold from the snows of Lebanon.

"Damascus has given its name to the reddest of roses, to the sweetest of plums, to the richest of metal work and to the most lustrous of silks."

At Baalbek, successor to Heliopolis, City of the Sun, the old-time center of Baal worship, we saw the famous ruins of the Temple of the Sun and the Temple of Jupiter. There is a row of columns ninety feet high yet standing. The stones in the wall are bigger than those in the walls of Jerusalem. In the quarry we saw a stone all hewn and ready for the Temple of the Sun, but for some reason

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never put in it, and the space is filled with smaller stones. This stone that has been waiting thousands of years for its place in the wall is fourteen feet square and seventy feet long.

The railroad from Baalbek to Beyruit passes over the Lebanon mountains, a mile high, and many miles of it are a cog railway. The scenery is as fine as in Colorado, and always beautified by wild flowers. In northern Syria Mount Hermon is always in sight.

In Beyruit we spent the Sabbath pleasantly with friends at the Syrian Protestant College, a fine institution, maintained by some noble men of New York. The teachers are American college young men and those we met are from the West—Wisconsin, Kansas, the Dakotas, Washington, Oregon and California.

The land of Palestine is sadly abused and has little of its old-time glory. These people have robbed their lands, and murdered their trees, and dried up their springs, and by their rebellion shut off the dews of heaven, and now rebels do inhabit parched lands. If they had

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spent the time and treasure wasted on temples and tombs in planting trees and opening up water courses they might be living in a garden instead of in a desert. But conditions are improving, and the German colonists and others are showing how Palestine can be restored. Alfalfa does well here and our Secretary Wilson has been encouraging its introduction into this country.

Some people pity Jesus for having to spend His whole life in Palestine instead of in some pleasanter place in the earth. But Palestine had its pleasant places in His day. The imagery of the Song of Songs was not taken from Switzerland nor Colorado. Likely in our Saviour's day Palestine was the beauty spot of the earth. Then it was not the paradisiacal features of this earth that attracted to it the Lord of Glory. In visiting the Holy Land we have become better acquainted with the man Christ Jesus. We have seen the town where the Babe of Bethlehem was born, and the city where the Child of Nazareth grew into manhood, and the lake where the Man

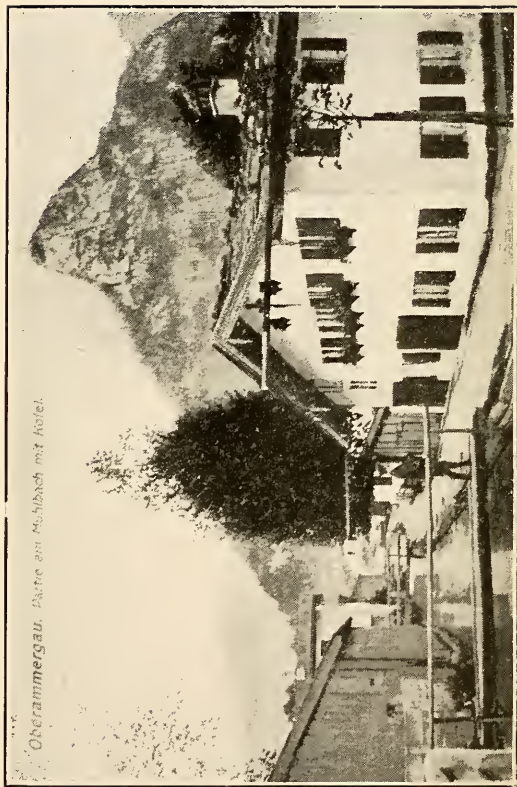
ONCE AROUND THE WORLD

of Galilee did most of His mighty works, and the village where He made His Bethany home, and the city where He died and rose again. We shall not forget Bethlehem, nor Nazareth, nor the Lake of Galilee, nor Mount Hermon, nor Jerusalem, nor Olivet, nor Bethany. We have not been disappointed in our visit to Palestine. It is true to the Bible picture.

Brussels, Belgium, June 22, 1910.

INTO EUROPE





Oberammergau. Partie am Mühlbach mit Hotel.

Oberammergau.

XXII

Into Europe

The train we took is the one which does not even hesitate at the small stations. We had glimpses of Italy, Prussia, Germany, Belgium and France. The Straits of Messina we passed in the night, but at sunrise had a good view of Stromboli.

Naples nestles cosily in its placid bay, a pretty, prosperous city, and sets up Vesuvius as a chief attraction and puts up an extra dyke now and then to keep back the lava stream.

Italy, in contrast with the desert lands of the East, looks like a green and fertile place. It is one continuous garden, orchard and vineyard.

ONCE AROUND THE WORLD

Rome is a city that one needs not days but years to visit. We glanced at the Coliseum, the Forum, St. Peter's and the Vatican, and a few of the smaller things. We did not visit the Pope, for we did not think his invitation cordial enough. We saw Peter's toe and observed that it was pale from constant kissing. We did not examine carefully all the rare and precious things in the eleven thousand rooms in the Vatican palace. Of the paintings, sculptures and antiquities I could readily write volumes—directly from the handbooks—but you can find the same stuff in your encyclopedias. Don't look for it in the Bible.

Florence, on the Arno, girt about with mountains, sits as a queen, the "fairest city in the world." Italy has magnificent public buildings, but its homes have little grace or finish. The windows are small and almost shut up with shutters and bars. It seems to have no country homes. We miss the white cottage and red barn and the little white country schoolhouse.

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Germany looks like a great park and is nice enough for anybody to live in. Of course its gardens and fields are well cultivated and weeds have a short and uncertain life. It was hay harvest and Maud Muller, a great many of her, was in the field. As many women as men were in the fields and the boys and girls were helping.

Scythes cut most of the grass, but we saw a few mowing machines. The houses in Germany are much nicer than in Italy. The glory of the German landscape is its trees, its great forests of pine. I never saw thrifty trees grow closer together. Germany has heard the interdiction, "Woodman, spare that tree." They plant trees faster than they cut them down. The millions of young trees that spring up each year would cheer the heart of a Pinchot.

Munich is a fine city, much like our St. Louis. Heidelberg's chief attraction is its old castle, oldest and biggest in Europe, now a ruin. Cologne has its fine old cathedral with

OUT OF EUROPE



EIFFEL TOWER

XXIII

Out of Europe

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is a fine city, with some of the splendor of San Francisco. Here we have found the big dogs that help the women draw their market carts. Here we found the Belgium horses that are bigger than a young elephant. Here we found the most beautiful boys and girls that we have seen in Europe.

We attended the Universal Exposition, held in Brussels this summer. It is not as big as the World's Fair at Chicago or St. Louis, but neat and artistic. We saw many reminders of the beautiful things we had seen in other lands and had introduction to the great things

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we are yet to see and saw some welcome things of our own dear land.

We went out to the Battlefield of Waterloo, fourteen miles south of Brussels, and climbed to the top of the great mound that marks the site of that decisive battle. This mound is two hundred feet high and is surmounted by a great British lion, weighing twenty-three tons, cast from cannon balls gathered from the battlefield. Wheat fields are waving peacefully where the multitudes fell on that historic day.

France is a fruitful field. Paris is a gay city, too big for a quick focus. Its buildings are lined inside and out with mirrors and the Parisians never weary of looking at themselves. It is the second five hundred feet in the Eiffel Tower in which it exceeds all other towers that gives you the sense of exaltation. I do not expect to get farther above earthly things until I buy my flying machine or get my new wings. Yes, we visited the Notre Dame and the Madaleine, the Palais and Musee du Louvre, Napoleon's Tomb, Place de

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la Concorda, Arc de Triomphe, and the Champs Elysses and the other seven world-wonders of Paris. For a partial description see the three million volumes in the Bibliotheque Nationale.

The Seine river looks as tranquil and innocent as if it had forgotten its last spring's flood of sorrows.

Of the British Isles we had but a glance, and the full story has been often told. It is easy to realize that London is the metropolis of the world, for it combines the greatness and beauty of the other great cities.

Westminster Abbey is the most interesting place in the city, but it is more of a sepulchre than a sanctuary, and all the services seem like funeral services.

Since we had such a short time in Scotland the sun was very considerate and stayed up until almost nine o'clock, and we could read by daylight after ten o'clock in the evening. I am not able to report at what hour the sun rose.

The weather was wet and chilly and I was

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glad to see many flocks of sheep, for the wool is needed to keep the people warm in summer.

In Edinburgh we walked along Princess street and talked of its beauty and of the Castle and of Scott's monument and visited John Knox's house and Greyfriars' churchyard.

In Glasgow we missed by a few hours the pleasure of visiting Miss Rena Hogg in her mother's home.

I longed for time to wait and visit in the homes of some of the Scotch folk, for more interesting than scenery and statuary is the life of the people.

Some very pleasant things came to me near the close of my journey. In Ireland, near Londonderry, I visited some of the scenes of my father's early life. Seventy-one years ago he crossed the Atlantic in a sailboat and was six weeks on the voyage. Here, too, I spent a Sabbath with Mr. Robert Foster and family, who for many years had been members of my Amity congregation, and in a large country church preached to them as in the days gone

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by. The king and queen could not have been better to us than Mr. and Mrs. Foster were.

London, July 6, 1910.

AT HOME AGAIN



Home again

XXIV

At Home Again

“Love, Rest and Home, Sweet, Sweet Home.”

The prayers of my friends are answered and I am safely at home again. Around the world, more than thirty-two thousand miles of travel, without accident or sickness or loss. A world-circuit without witnessing an act of violence or seeing anyone get hurt. Among Christians and heathen, mingling with the people of nineteen nations and nearly all nationalities without seeing one human being strike another maliciously. I did not hunt the peaceable paths, either. We have come to an era of good-will. There is no place on the world-map for Reno, Nevada. It belongs to a barbarous past. The path around the

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earth is narrow and we see little of the wide world. Some mountains to climb: the Rockies, Mount Kilauea, Mount Fuji, the Himalayas, Mount Olivet, Mount Carmel, Mount Hermon, Mount Stromboli, the Apennines, the Alps and the Alleghanies. Some rivers to cross: the Mississippi, the Yangtsekiang, the Ganges, the Nile, the Jordan, the Yarmuk, the Abana, the Tiber, the Danube, the Rhine, the Seine, the Thames, the Clyde, the Foyle.

Some cities to view: San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hongkong, Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Aden, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Damascus, Rome, Innsbruck, Munich, Brussels, Paris, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, New York, and in them their capitols and churches, their temples and towers, their parks and palaces, their galleries and gardens.

Some buildings to see: the Royal Palace, Hawaii; the Palace of Delights, Japan; the Temple of Horrors, China; the Schiwe Dagon Pagoda, the Taj Mahal, the Pyramid of Cheops, the Mosque of Omar, the Ruins of

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Baalbek, the Collisseum, the Heidelberg Castle, the Cologne Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower, the Westminster Abbey, the Edinburgh Castle, the White House.

Some people to consider; some old and many young, some rich and many poor, some burdened and many tripping along lightly, some weeping by the way and many singing a glad song.

In every land we see more soldiers than in our own; infantry, cavalry, marines, in training. But with new methods of warfare and new methods of avoiding war the common soldier and the common gun look vain and out of date.

In all the eastern world the food for travelers is prepared and served by men. Uniformly it has a rank, smoky, masculine taste and a mysterious, never-to-be-forgotten odor. My flesh faints for fresh food from fair feminine fingers, something savory and sweet smelling.

Now that I have completed the circuit I would like to remark that all round the earth

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the speckled hen and the yellow cow are doing their full part in making the world happy.

In the old world there are a great many millions of people who have never learned to say, "To beg I am ashamed." I speak not of the cry of the needy, which may be honorable, but the empty clamor for gifts, and demanding pay for pretense of service and pleading for presents in excess of stipulated wages. Such begging is not only rife in Canton and Cairo, but is rampant in Paris and Edinburgh. But the champion beggars are the imperial steamship companies, who charge high, inclusive rates and then turn loose on their guests a horde of starving, begging servants.

In the eastern lands we find many bearing heavy burdens, men doing the work of beasts, old men and women hitched in harness. At Nagasaki we saw women coaling the ships. At Sangla Hill we saw women and girls working in the quarries, carrying loads of stone on their heads, walking barefoot over sharp stones, toiling twelve hours a day for twelve

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cents. Mothers carrying stone while the little children watched the baby in the shadow of the rock.

But burden-bearing is a mystery. I know some rich Iowa and Illinois farmers who bear heavier burdens than these heathen and whose wives work harder than these coal women and quarry women. And some of these wives do not get twelve cents a day. I know a few millionaires who toil harder and longer every day than any of these slaves. The saddest thing is so many of the heavy-laden ones have never heard Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest."

The saddest thing I saw was the hopeless look on the face of an old woman as she turned away from her idol for the ten thousandth time with her prayers unanswered. The gladdest sight I saw was the light of salvation on the face of an old man redeemed from heathenism. The most wonderful thing I saw was the power of redeeming grace in the mission fields, the Gospel changing hearts

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and lives and working as the power of God unto salvation.

All around the earth the people are pleasant and agreeable. "If you please" and "I thank you" are sounding everywhere, and the Gospel grace of courtesy has found its place in the hearts of the children of men.

I stopped in Ohio and preached in the church of my childhood and ate dinner in the house in which I was born.

Blessed be letter writing! Twelve thousand miles from home every letter is a love letter. By letters we can get nearer our absent friends than in any other way except when in prayer we meet them around the throne of grace.

The world-circuit reaches from home and back to it again. I am sure I started west from Monmouth and kept on going west until I came into Monmouth from the east. I am sure the world is round, for I have gone around it.

It is refreshing to be again in the homeland. There is no other land so broad and

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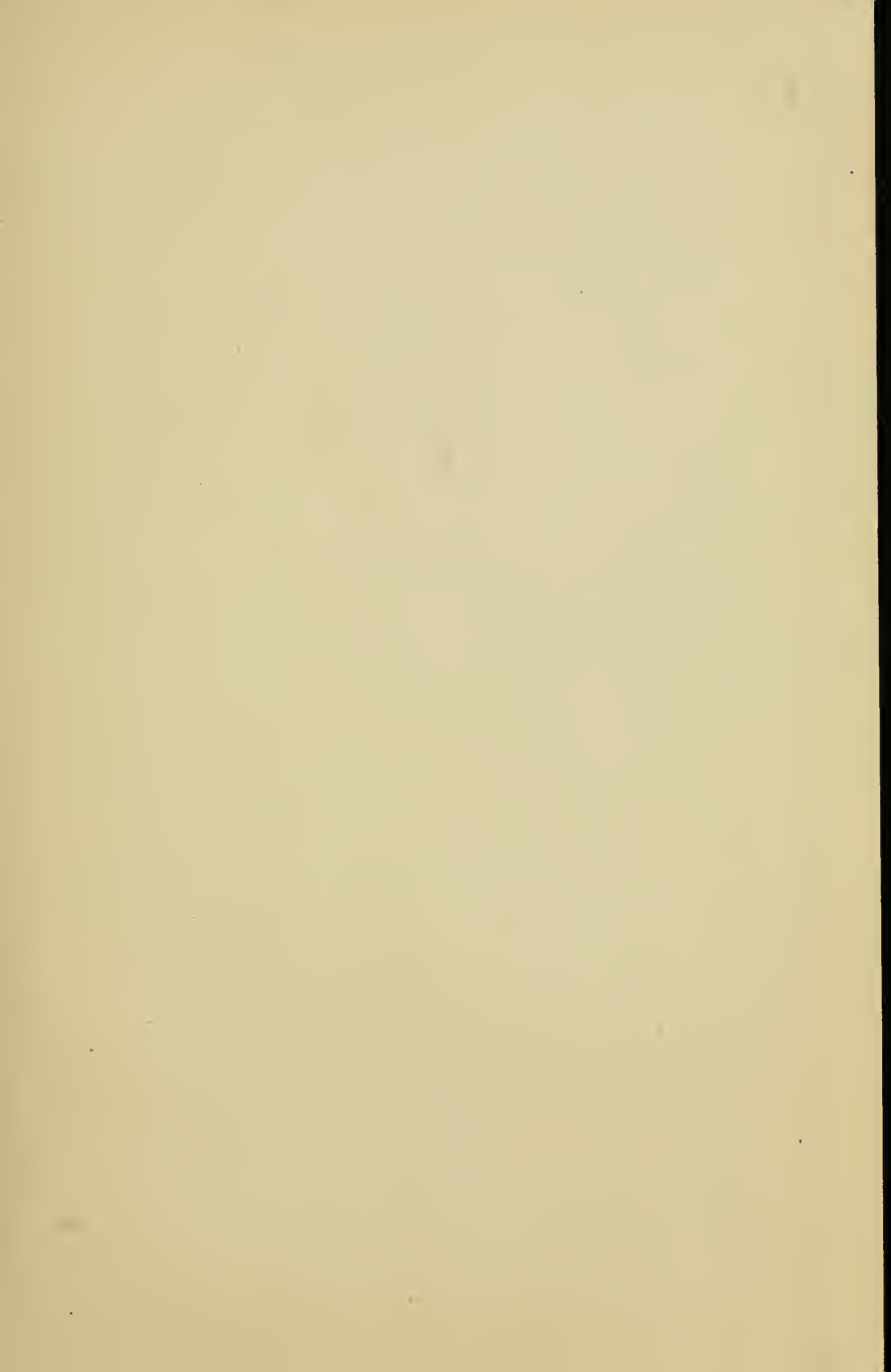
generous. There is no other flag so inspiring as the stars and stripes. There is no other people with so much light on their faces.

No other land has such royal country homes. The nearest approach I found to it was in northern Ireland, but there it is an occasional lordly house with a cluster of humble cottages about it. But in our land the country home rises up in independent sovereignty, with others like it all about it, and in each of them a king and queen, and generally royal children, and they have royal servants, for they serve themselves and others. America excels all lands in its country homes and country schools and country churches.

I am ready to say with Mr. Spurgeon, "The way home to me is the best bit of road in the country," and with Mr. Trowbridge, "The best of a journey is getting home."

Monmouth, Ill., July 20, 1910.





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